VOGUE

60¢
Sept. 15

- Ten quick ways to use the fashion news
- Hair: how it looks newest
- The coat that changes your fashion life
- New jewellery and its fresh whereabouts
- Paris Copies plucked for U.S.A. wearing
- Beauty: news about what makes allure
- "The Imagined Image": a new reality
- "Are You an Architectural Illiterate?"
- The costume under the costume



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city coat

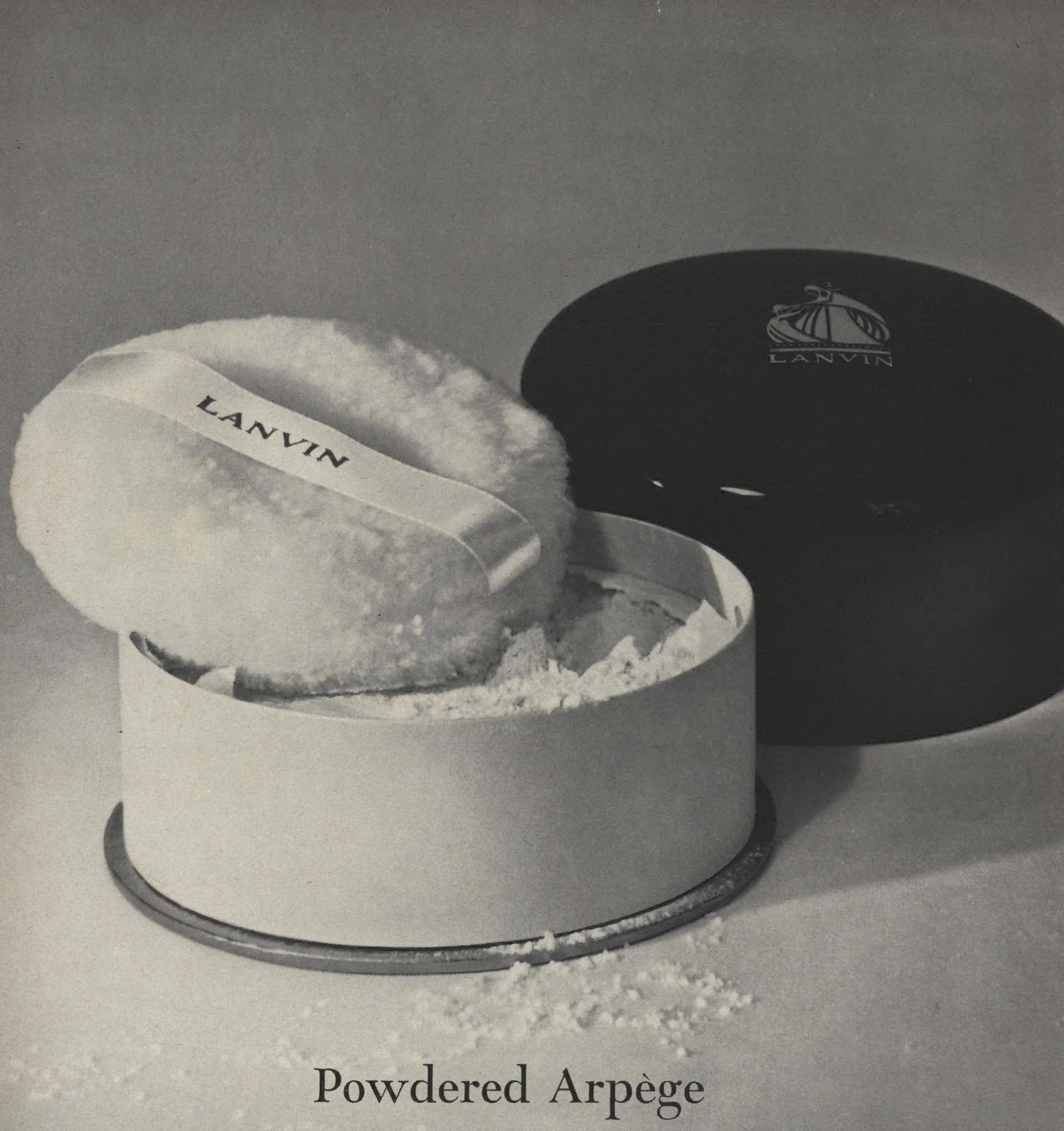
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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

SEPTEMBER 15, 1961

COVER

One of the most enchanting day-looks in the new Paris Collections: Dior's hooded jacket of loden-green wool; the hood pulls up over a small, neat, scarlet calot—really a glorified beanie. What it leads to, inevitably, is the small, neat head—only a deep wave of hair showing under the calot. What's under the jacket is a dress of the same loden-green wool. Dior red calot, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Dior loden-green wool costume: copies at Lord & Taylor. Original imported by Holt Renfrew of Canada. Chamois gloves by Kislav. Lipstick: Helena Rubinstein's new Cherry Champagne.



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The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.

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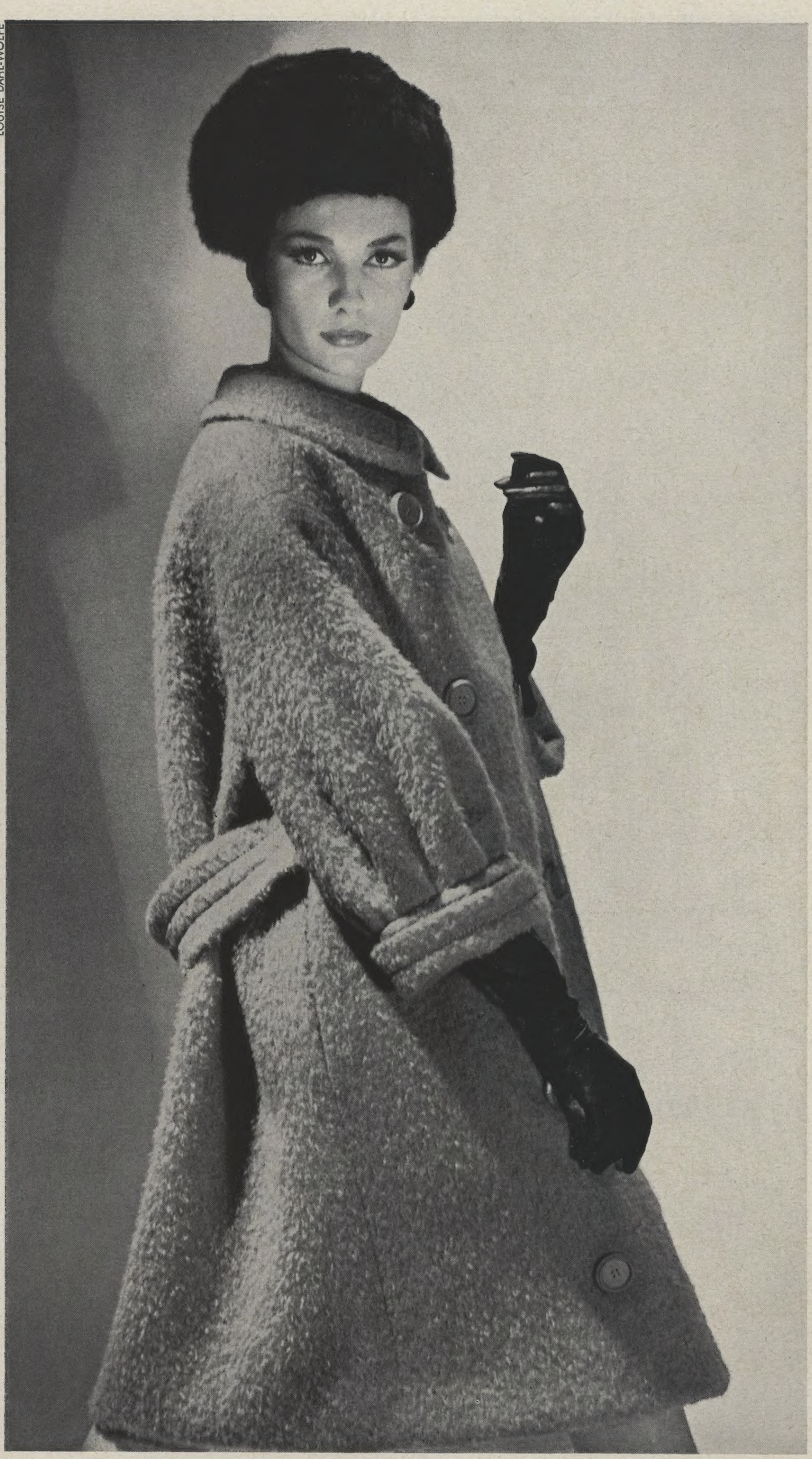
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Liquid black: silk evening dress from the Ben Reig collection, designed by Eva Rosencrans

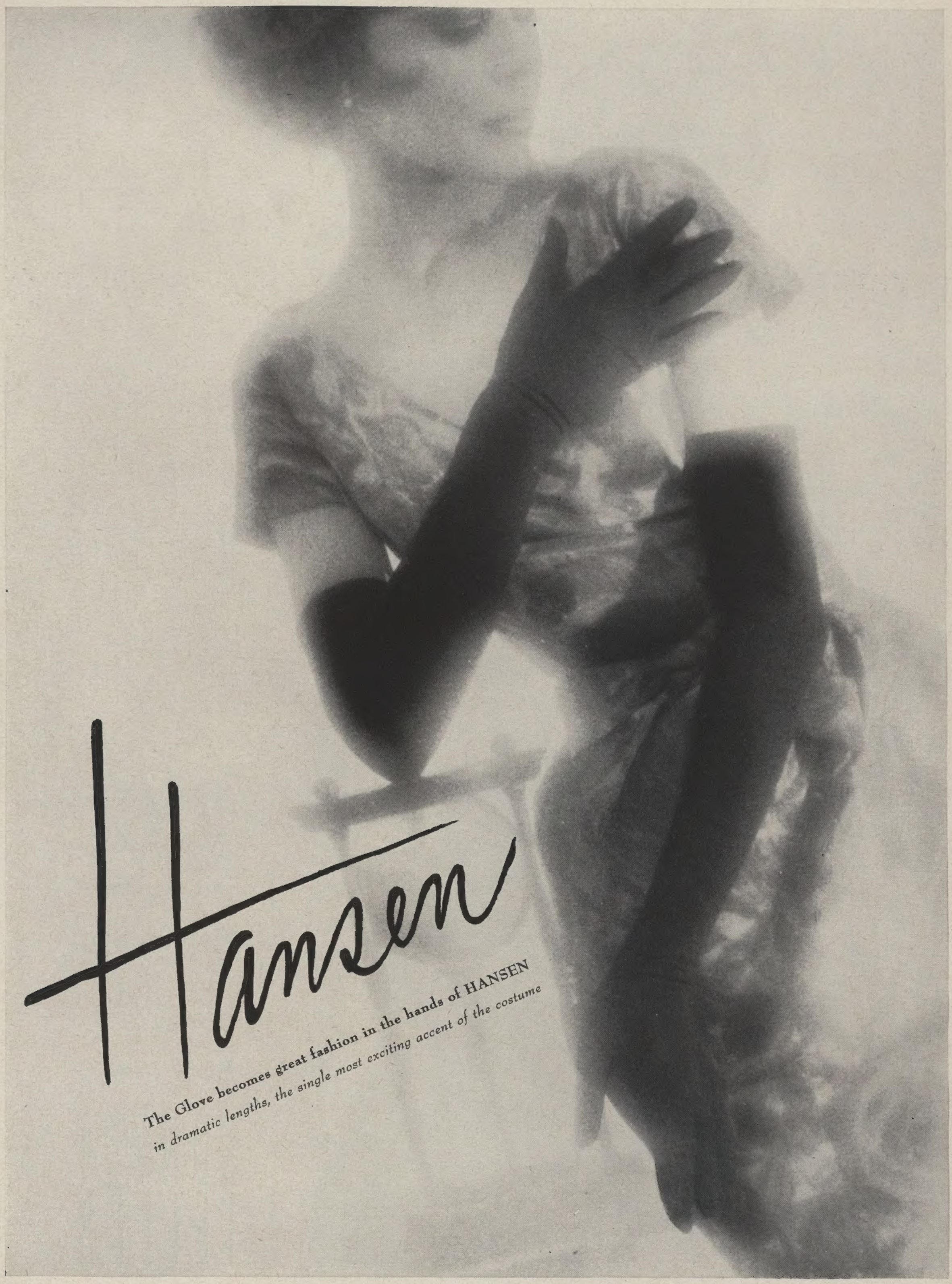
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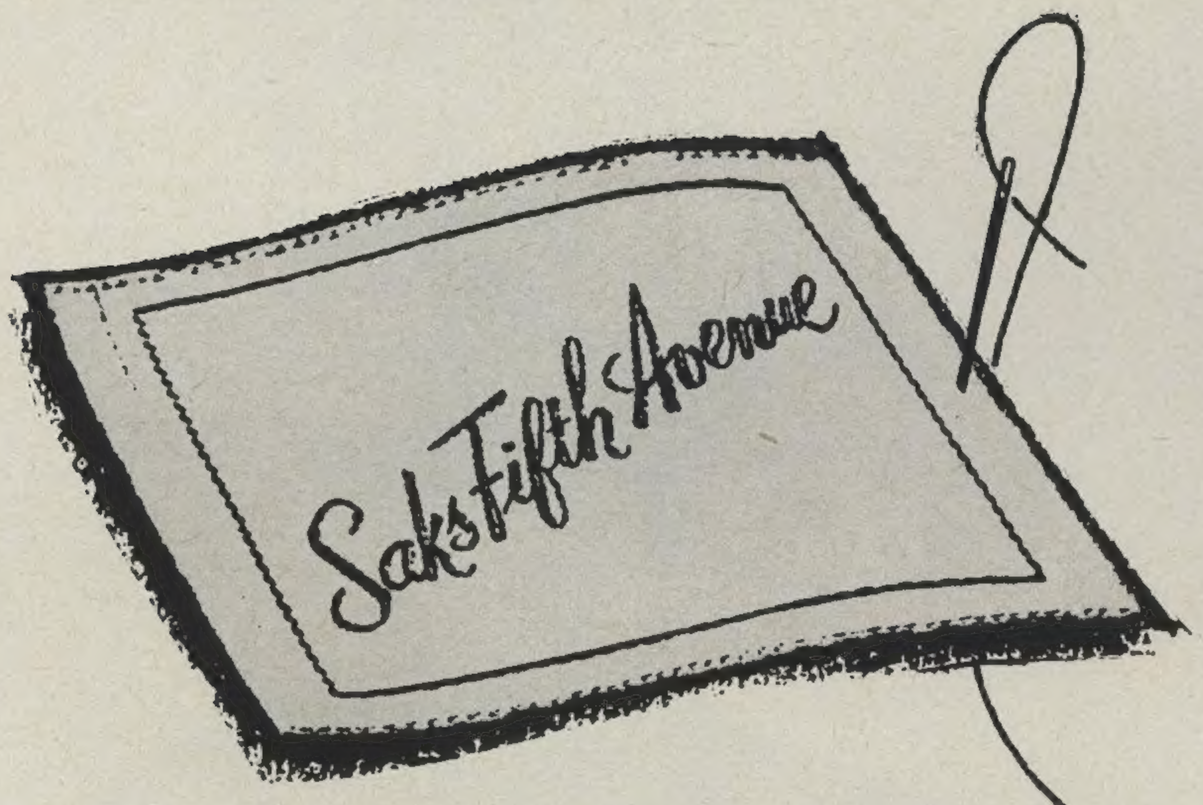


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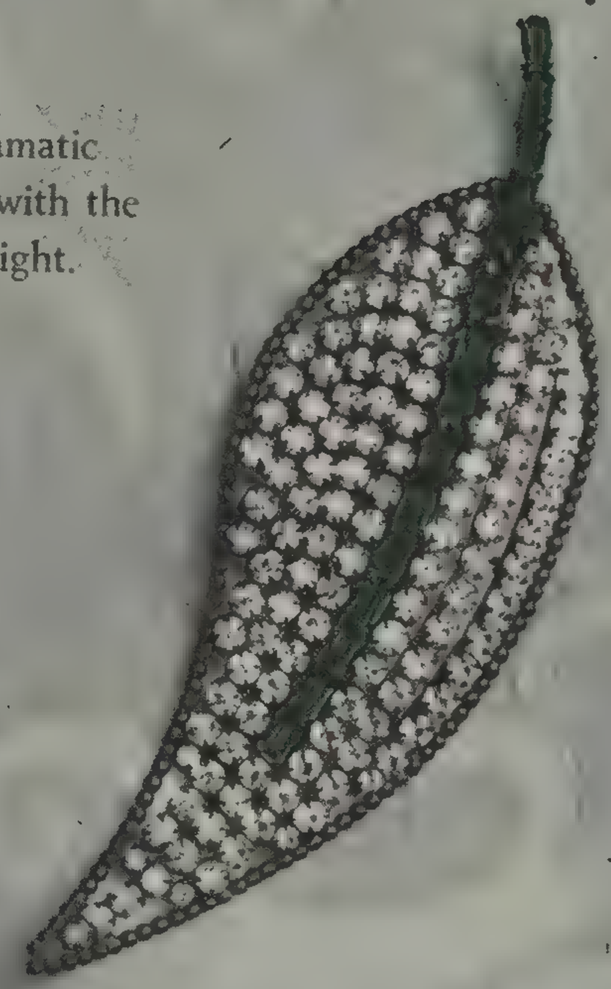
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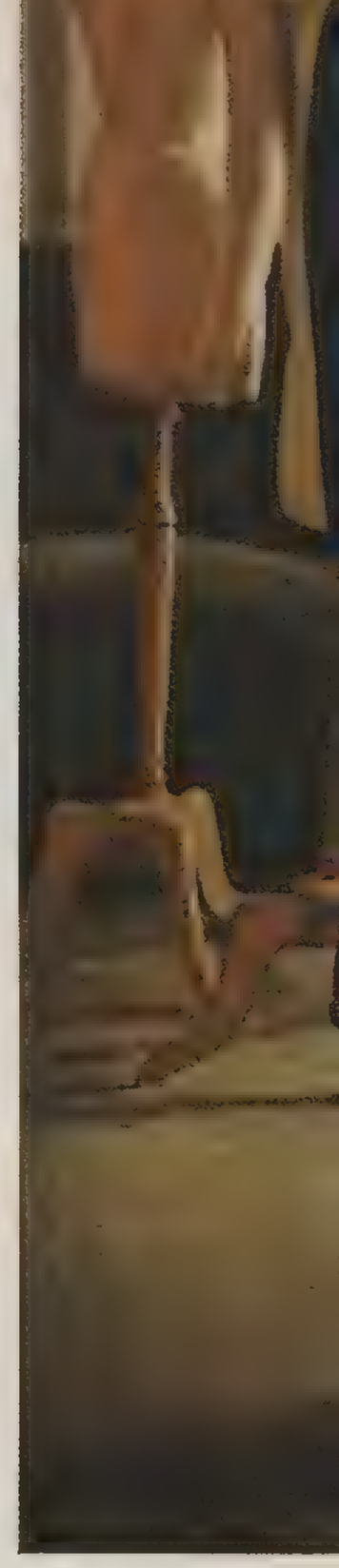


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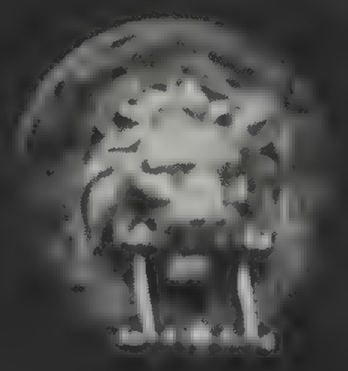
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Dandy hat of black American broadtail;
Pandora pin and ear clips; with a dash of Carnegie Blue Cologne.
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DEEP INTO LIBYA

BY LANFRANCO RASPONI

The fascination of ruins creates a special state of mind; nowhere can they be enjoyed more than around the Mediterranean. Less known, but in many ways more spectacular and better preserved than the ruins in Italy, Spain, and Greece, the Roman ruins in North Africa's Tripolitania at Leptis Magna, Sabratha, and Ghirza are outstanding. The poetic beauty of the natural surroundings adds enormously to their enchantment. Often rising in groves of eucalyptus and palm trees beyond wide, deserted beaches and the vibrant blues of the Mediterranean, these honey-coloured towns evoke the grandeur of a noble past.

To fly from Rome to Tripoli takes a little over two hours on either ALITALIA or BEA. When Libya was an Italian colony, Tripoli was the capital of Tripolitania, Benghazi the capital of Cyrenaica. Since the creation of the United Kingdom of Libya in 1951, both have functioned as capitals with the added confusion that King Idris lives in Tobruk, near the Egyptian border. Now his new capital, Beida, is being built on the hills of Cyrenaica.

The United Kingdom of Libya is divided into three major sections, Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, and Fezzan. Badly neglected under Turkish rule, Tripoli became one of the most attractive cities of North Africa during the rule of the Italians. Spacious, elegant, and well-proportioned, it now combines the best elements of Arabic and southern Italian architecture. The promenade along the sea front is the loveliest imaginable; the Casbah retains its native flavour. There is a general air of gaiety in Tripoli; there are many Italian shops and lively restaurants. In the centre of town the Piedmontese, the Roma, the Romagna all have excellent food. Among the better hotels are the Uaddan with its casino, the Mehari, and the Grand. More hotels are appearing since the discovery of oil.

One of the nineteen companies looking for oil, British Petroleum tells of many complications: much of Libya's huge interior is unmapped; there are impassible sand dunes, inaccessible rocky hills, and great salt flats.

Although the starting point for excursions to Leptis Magna, Sabratha, and Tigrinna, Tripoli has enough sights to keep one busy for three days. In addition, from May to October, the swimming is magnificent at the many beaches.

The museum, in a massive Turkish castle, houses all the region's most important finds. Arranged with great taste by Professor Ernesto Vergara Caffarelli, the director of excavations in Tripolitania, the museum has some remarkable statues; the one of Artemis Efesina with its symbols of fecundity is perhaps the most celebrated. Superb mosaics from many Roman villas along the coast include the Four Seasons and a series of vivid scenes of hunters pursuing panthers. The Castle itself is well worth a visit. Built in the seventh century during the first Moslem invasion and occupied by many rulers, the sprawling, imposing Castle has magnificent terraces, vistas to the sea, hanging gardens, towers, ramparts, and courtyards.

The Arch of Marcus Aurelius in Tripoli is considered the finest in North Africa. Of Greek marble, it is decorated with bas-reliefs and a well-proportioned octagonal cupola.

Skirting the sea through orange and lemon groves, a beautiful hour-and-a-half drive towards the Tunisian border leads to the ruins of Sabratha, first built under Carthage.

Its Forum, the Capitolium, the baths, the temples of Hercules, Isis, Antoninus, and the adjacent Christian basilicas are some of the exciting finds of Italian archeologists. Chipped Ionic capitals, stuccoed sandstone, bits of Corinthian columns, fragments of acanthus leaf create a Piranesi scene.

Dwarfing everything, however, is Sabratha's incredible the-

(Continued on page 108)

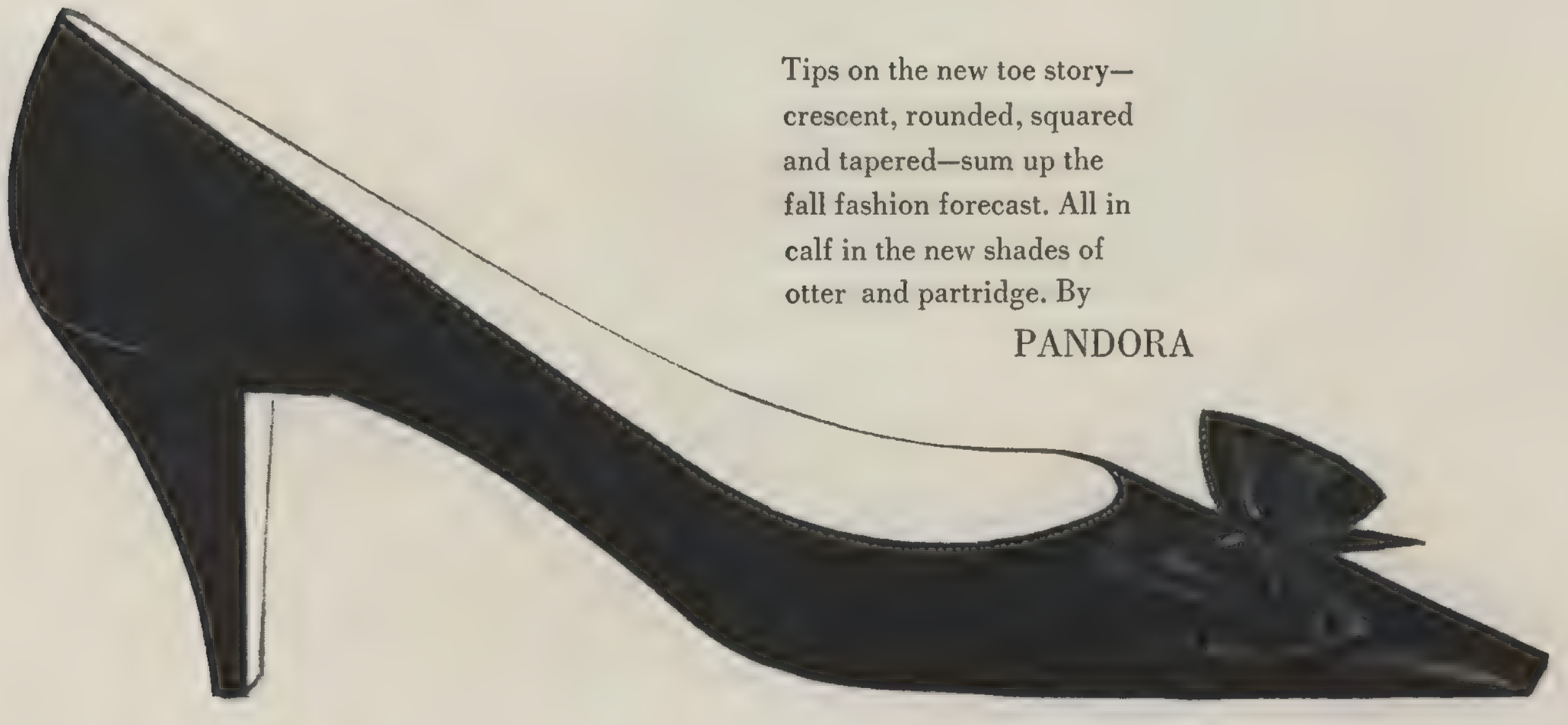
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Mike Wallace, master of controversy and power of P.M. East, questions the length of a Pauline Trigère evening costume. Will this length click? Will women wear it? To what? One question at a time, please. Trigère believes that the woman who has rapport with furs, who wears a hat for evening, such a woman will wear and love the new P.M. length. You like it? You don't like it? Well, that's Trigère for you — exciting, conversational, controversial.



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otter and partridge. By

PANDORA

Only the flower of sweaterdom goes under the name of Bernhard Altmann. Tranquil in its tradition of easy elegance, Bernhard Altmann brings the art of the sweater into full flower. Here, a pure cashmere ensemble with intarsia birds-in-flight. Cardigan, about 35.00. Short-sleeved pullover, 30.00. Wool scissor-pleat skirt, about 23.00. Coordinated in platinum, sky blue or white. At fine stores near you, or write Bernhard Altmann, 100 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

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DESIGNED BY EDITA KERTIS/PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES/IN CANADA: 507 DOMINION SQ. BLDG., MONTREAL

all is vanity...all is



This is the new way to dress,
one glamorous scheme of color
from the skin out. Our lingerie
in fashion colors started it
all. Now we've color-cued
girdles and bras . . . miracles
of function, fit, flattery . . .
to lingerie and costume.

Shown: our precious pastel, Ice.
Is it green? Is it blue?
It's neutral as diamonds and
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Lycra girdle 8.95; bra 3.95.
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From a collection including
First Orchid, Pink Fire,
Heaven Blue, Dawn Pink,
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VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC., 640 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

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VANITY FAIR *lingerie · girdles · bras*

EVANS, the world's largest furrier, creates the year's most opulent, all-enveloping stole in

EMBA® AUTUMN HAZE® brand, natural brown mink in the pale dawn type—

one of the Emba Great Twelve—produced only in America and acknowledged the best mink in the world.



®MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION Dress—Oleg Cassini Virginia Thoren

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LEE HERMAN's thoroughbred in magenta, pumpkin, Asian blue. S-M-L. About $36. I. Magnin, Calif. & Seattle; Jenny Co., Cincinnati; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Houston; Neusteters, Denver; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Woolf Bros., Kansas City. SWEATER SHOWN: "ORLON SAYELLE"*ACRYLIC/"ORLON"*ACRYLIC/"ORLON CANTRECE"*ACRYLIC



THOROUGHBRED THROUGH AND THROUGH : beauty born of our time, this new "Orlon Sayelle"* acrylic fiber. Out of it, precious sweatering, melding the feel of the woods and the earth, the sun and the meadow. Unwavering in shape. Freed from the ritual of hand-washing, blocking, moth-balling. Setting a standard of perfection for all other sweaters to come.

THE SWEATER OF "ORLON SAYELLE"®
BI-COMPONENT ACRYLIC FIBER

*"ORLON SAYELLE" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS BI-COMPONENT ACRYLIC FIBER, "ORLON" FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER, "ORLON CANTRECE" FOR ITS FILAMENT ACRYLIC YARN. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT SWEATER SHOWN.

Carlotta wants *wool*

the worldly new wools

Knowing. Out-going. Pure wool suits so highly civilized they are born to master every fashion idiom from young Hyannis Port to the occult cult at Hong Kong. Wools the whole world has waited for: airy, darey — woven lighter, more lithe, more blithe, than any fabric invented. Yearling wools that glow in autumn wind. Out-chic the tropic air. Rare and beautiful wools to bend free, move with the very social woman. Carlotta will go to any extreme to get what she wants, all the wordly new wools she can gather.

This worldly Zelinka*Matlick suit in a soft, nubby, looped wool tweed by Anglo, about $95.00. At: Bergdorf-Goodman, New York; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland. For further information write Carlotta, The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.




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Whisper

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The look: Free-swinging flair . . . ready for whatever the day may bring in your pleated skirt and overblouse. Then underscore with otter and black pumps for that Life Stride look of perfection.

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Costume by Anne Klein
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To bring you shoes that represent America's biggest dollar's worth today, we use leather as well as a wide variety of materials including fiber and plastic products, textiles and metals—all of which have been thoroughly tested in Brown Shoe Company's Quality Control Laboratories • LIFE STRIDE DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



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Frank Gallant

Anglo Fabrics
"THE BACKGROUND OF FASHION"®





THE STRIPLING languid in repose, lithe in motion . . . our streamered sheath by oleg cassini. white or black, 8 to 16 sizes, 125.00.

the jm designers' rooms.

JOSEPH MAGNIN CALIFORNIA NEVADA



Fine facets of the Diamond Debs collection. Opossum-collared coat in Einiger's tic-tac wool. Sable, gold, nude, spice, beige, turquoise, red, magenta, green. 3 to 13. About $90. The gracious great coat in Einiger's fabled fleece. Colors as listed, also white and camel. 3 to 15. About $70.

Atlanta, Rich's; *Baltimore,* Hochschild, Kohn; *Boston,* Filene's; *Brooklyn, N.Y.,* Abraham & Straus; *Chicago,* Stevens; *Cleveland,* Halle Bros.; *Columbus,* F. & R. Lazarus; *Detroit,* B. Siegel Co.; *New York,* Bloomingdale's; *Philadelphia,* Blum's; *Pittsburgh,* Kaufmann's; *Richmond,* Miller & Rhoads; *Rochester,* B. Forman Co.; *San Francisco,* Macy's; *St. Louis,* Famous & Barr Co.; *Washington, D.C.,* The Hecht Co.

These coats have the good fortune to be designed by Diamond Debs ...in woolens luxury loomed by Einiger for the American Look

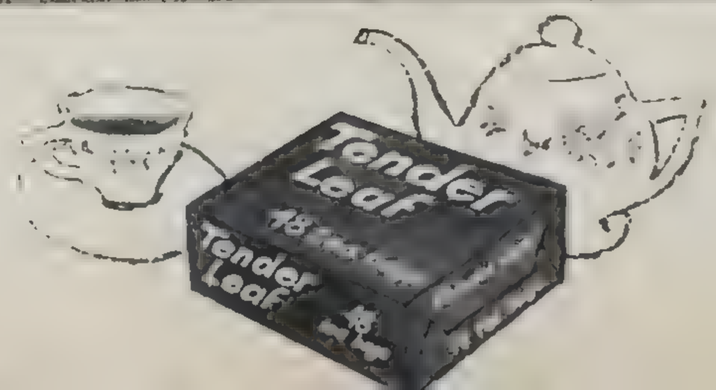
EINIGER



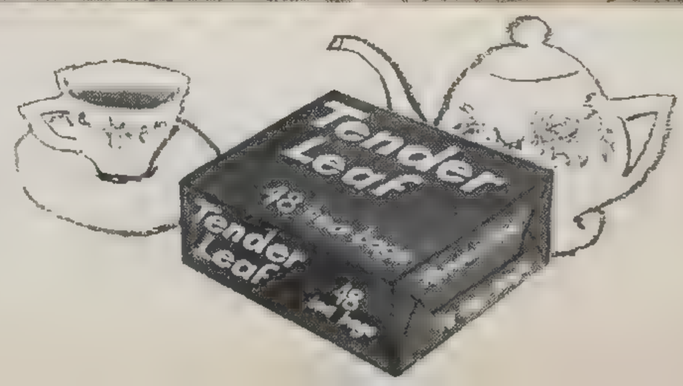
ADELE SIMPSON INVITES YOU TO A TENDER LEAF TEA PARTY

TEA COZY COAT
BY ADELE SIMPSON

Cozy idea for blustery days: a comforting cup of Tender Leaf Tea and a warm as toast wool coat costume designed by Adele Simpson.



GINGER WOOL STEEPED IN TENDER LEAF TONES Great afternoon dress by Adele Simpson in tender weight wool. Perk-you-up color inspired by Tender Leaf, lightly laced with cream.



INSTANT FASHION
BY ADELE SIMPSON

Faster than you can bat an eye (or brew a cup of Instant Tender Leaf), this dinner dress and costume add a jewel and go out on the town. They are fashion with more fashion to them, inspired by Tender Leaf, the tea with more tea to it.



INSTANT TEA
BY TENDER LEAF

Two brilliant ideas: the wonders of Instant Tea by Tender Leaf and the dazzling future of the velvet theater suit by Adele Simpson.





YOUR CUP OF TEA: ADELE SIMPSON AND TENDER LEAF The most opulent gown of the era: yellow tea roses on silk satin. The richer, brighter, livelier tea: Tender Leaf.



A calendar of Adele Simpson Tea Parties is listed on page 227. Tender Leaf is a registered trademark of Standard Brands Incorporated.



FOR OVER 50 YEARS, MAX FACTOR HAS DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO HELPING WOMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD BE MORE BEAUTIFUL.

MAX FACTOR reveals the essentials for a healthier, flawless skin... so your cosmetics can make you look even lovelier!

"A skin that is smooth-textured, moisture-soft and flawlessly clean," says Max Factor, world-famed beauty expert, "is a skin that *works with* cosmetics to make you look your most beautiful!" However, very rare is the complexion that is naturally perfect. Almost all women must overcome certain skin-beauty problems. That is why Max Factor has created these beauty essentials. One may quickly solve *your* skin-beauty problem — or like many women, you may need all three to make your complexion perfect. Active Moisturizer, Secret Key, and Double Depth Cleansing Cream all come in attractive non-breakable plastic bottles.



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ACTIVE MOISTURIZER is a humectant-filled formula, specially designed to absorb in 30 seconds and provide the vital moisture your skin needs. Keeps your skin dewy-soft under make-up. **$2.50**



UNBALANCED COMPLEXION?
SECRET KEY is an exclusive discovery that tones, conditions and beauty-balances skin. It removes the layer of invisible film, so creams come into more intimate contact with the skin and make-ups compliment a more beautiful you.....**$1.50**



CLOGGED PORES OR DULL SKIN?
DOUBLE DEPTH CLEANSING CREAM is a gentle lotion that removes every type of skin-dulling soil and make-up from the surface; then goes deep into the pores to cleanse more thoroughly. It never dries your skin.....**$1.50**

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Junior Sophisticates by Ann Klein takes the timeless beauty of crepe and puts it into a pleated column. And Celanese acetate gives the crepe its timelessness. Gold, black, brown, beige, red, white or wine. 3-15. About $60 at Bonwit Teller, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.

More stores on page 226.

Crepe by Hargro

THE CREPES ON THESE TWO PAGES ARE MADE OF CELANESE ACETATE AND RAYON.

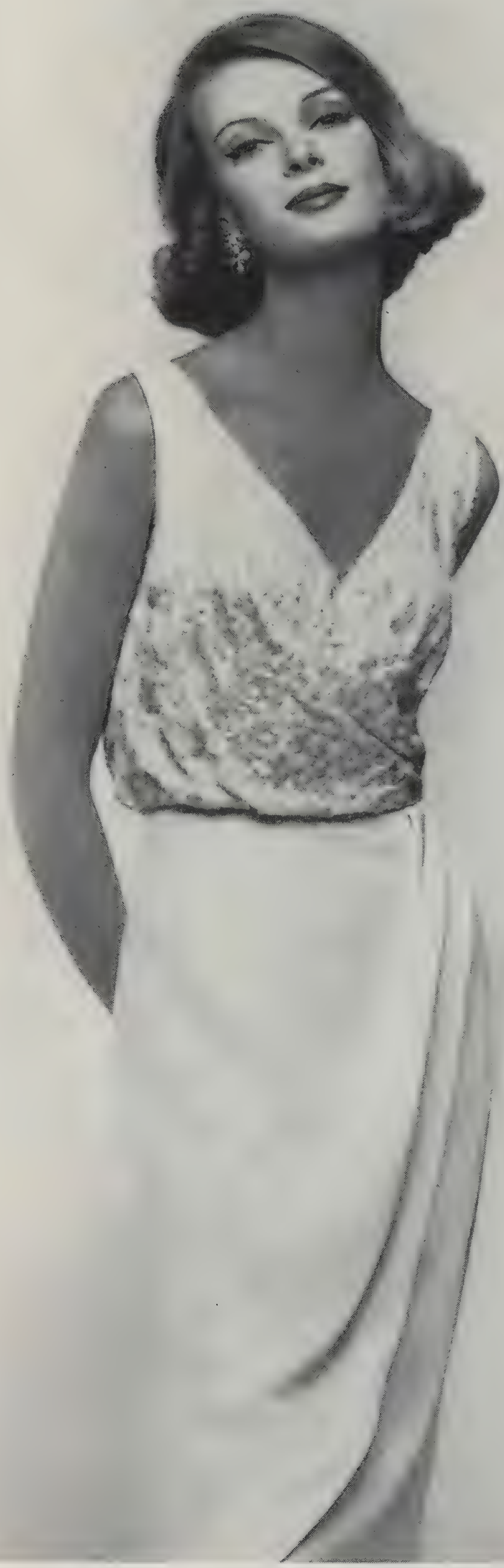
STAR IN CREPE made with

Pattullo—Jo Copeland sets crepe
in new easy motion, defining
the season's softened look.
And Celanese acetate gives
the crepe its easy
suppleness. Black or brown
accented with
striped chiffon; 8-20. About
$200 at Bonwit Teller, New York;
Frost Bros., San Antonio;
Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington,
D. C.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland;
Gus Mayer, New Orleans.
More stores on page 226.
Crepe by Chardon Marché



CELANESE ®

Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber



Lee Claire shapes
a flowing silhouette
in crepe. And its Celanese
acetate that gives the crepe
its flowing beauty.
White or black. 8-18.
About $90 at Bonwit Teller,
New York; Famous Barr,
St. Louis and branches; Julius
Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.;
Hutzler's, Baltimore;
Gus Mayer, New Orleans.
More stores on page 226.
Crepe by William Rose

THE CREPES ON THESE TWO PAGES ARE MADE OF CELANESE ACETATE AND RAYON.

STAR IN CREPE made with

Adele Simpson designs the perfect dinner dress, sophisticated, simple and made of crepe. And it's Celanese acetate that gives the crepe its stately grace. Black, pearl or green; 8-18. About $160 at Bonwit Teller, New York; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Burdine's, Miami; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Goldwater's, Phoenix.
More stores on page 226.
Crepe by Onondaga



CELANESE FIBERS COMPANY, N. Y. 36 (A DIVISION OF CELANESE CORPORATION OF AMERICA). CELANESE ®

Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber



TREO with "CHEERS"

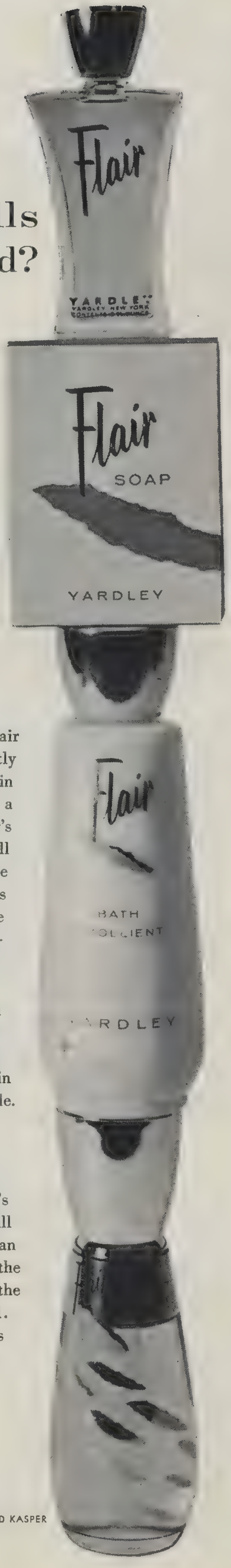
The lingerie-light touch that distinguishes TREO designing gives you lacy luxury along with the most effective new control features ever achieved! White, Black, Ecru.

Style 329, illustrated: **$12.50**
Matching Girdle: **$10.95**
The "CHEERS" Contoured Strapless Bra Style 800: **$5.95**

You'll find TREO with "CHEERS" in most stores.

TREO COMPANY, INC., 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16

What smells so good?



Yardley's new Flair does—light, faintly spiced, and buyable in enough forms to keep a woman radiating Flair's deliciousness all day, all evening. Apart from the perfume itself, which is shown on page 204, there are—to your right—

toilet water, soap, an emollient that softens both the bath and the bather, and Flair Mist in a tear-drop shaped bottle.

Additionally, there's dusting powder, and will be—by next year—an atomized version of the spray mist, shaped to the palm of your hand. What's at the shops right now is at Macy's.

EDWARD KASPER



STEPHAN LTD. finds that Creslan gives exciting expression to this creative fabric. See how it responds to easy blousing, to sweeping pleats, to nuances of color that only the most talented fiber could attempt. You, too, will sense the excitement in Earl-Loom's Swing-A-Ling, a blend of **50% Creslan acrylic fiber, 50% Coloray* rayon.** Subtle blends of green or orange. Sizes 8-16. About $30. At Bloomingdale's, New York & branches: Hengerers, Buffalo; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia: The Higbee Co., Cleveland. Cyanamid makes the Creslan acrylic fiber; Stephan Ltd. makes the dress. American Cyanamid Co., New York, N. Y.

*®Courtauld's

HAT BY EMME

Creslan®
LUXURY ACRYLIC FIBER
CYANAMID

STEPHAN LTD

SENSES

IT IN THE

FABRIC

THE EXCITEMENT OF

CRESLAN

for the many faces of

You are Eve...

the eternal woman, with a hundred faces to beguile and fascinate.

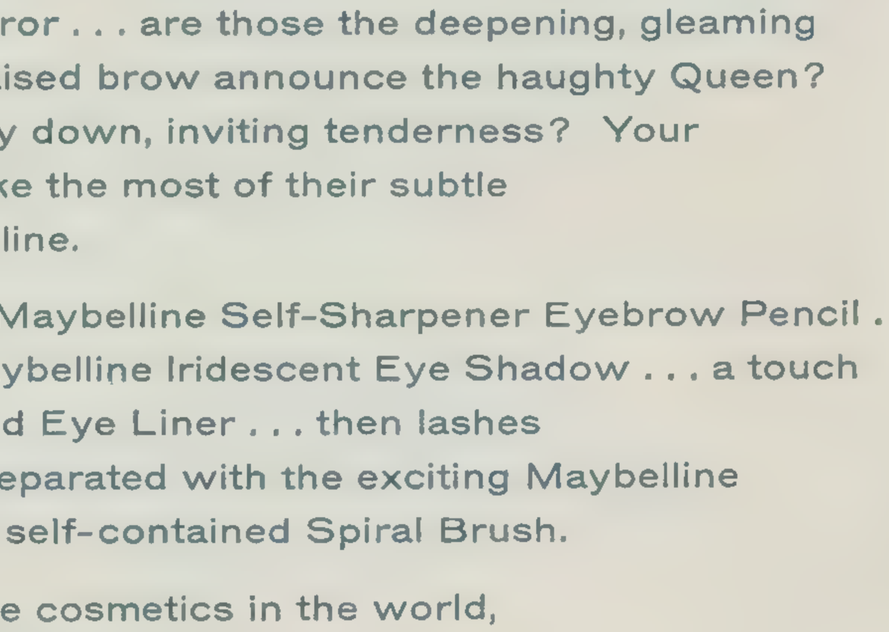
Which face do you wear this hour, Eve? Remember, your eyes hold the secret of your mood! Look into your mirror . . . are those the deepening, gleaming eyes of your Siren face? Will a raised brow announce the haughty Queen? Or will those silky lashes turn shyly down, inviting tenderness? Your eyes speak for you, Eve . . . so make the most of their subtle beauty . . . always! . . . with Maybelline.

For exquisitely expressive brows, Maybelline Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil . . . for eyes that deepen and glow, Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow . . . a touch of scintillation with Maybelline Fluid Eye Liner . . . then lashes transformed, curled, colored and separated with the exciting Maybelline achievement, Magic Mascara with self-contained Spiral Brush.

Let Maybelline, the most prized eye cosmetics in the world, reveal all the hidden beauty of <u>your</u> eyes.

Maybelline

devoted exclusively to eye beauty



Maybelline Magic Mascara, Fluid Eye Liner, Iridescent Eye Shadow Stick, Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil. $1 each


every Eve

INTERPRETED BY TED CoCONIS...

THE LOVELY AMERICAN LEG

as glamourized by *Humming Bird* stockings

Flatter your own lovely legs with beautiful stockings by Humming Bird. Exquisitely sheer, they fit and mold to perfection . . . give your legs that sleek, smooth, exciting look. With seams and seamless styles in the season's newest, smartest shades. DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, a division of Chadbourn Gotham, Inc., Charlotte, N.C.

tote your trivia in Gay Mood Setmakers by Rolfs



Rolfs carries on—with justifiable pride in new Gay Mood Setmakers: exquisite tailoring in Mello Cowhide, pure leather with a soft luminous sheen not unlike a lady's flawless complexion. Play it gay with Gay Mood in Blue, Green or Platinum.

ROLFS

also creators of AMITY fine leather accessories

Billfold $5.00* French Clutch $5.95* Eyeglass Case $2.95 Lighter $2.50 French Purse $5.00* Cigarette Case $3.50 Key Kaddy $2.95* *plus tax

chic
to the point of magnifique!

PINS à PARIS

with treasured Cultured Pearls

by François

A

B

C

D

E

F

Fashion as the French see it!
Beautiful cultured pearls
in cluster or solo . . .
luxurious in Florentine-finished gold-tone settings.
Prices from top:
A $7.50; B, C, D, E $5 each; F $6.
At leading stores or write François,
47 West 34th Street, New York 1.
Jewelry Fashion Week Sept. 15th-Sept. 22nd

François a division of Coro Inc. Prices plus tax slightly higher in Canada.

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EXHIBITIONISTS:



Red, White and Bold Setmakers by Rolfs

Behold: bold strokes of fashion by Rolfs! Bright flashes of brilliant color to exhibit your superb fashion sense every time you open your handbag! Fashioned in a lady's leather: Supple Soft Tone Cowhide.

ROLFS

also creators of AMITY fine leather accessories

Lighter $2.95 Cigarette Case $3.95 Billfold $7.50* French Purse $7.50* Eyeglass Case $3.95 Key Kaddy $3.50* *plus tax



The name is *Hadley*

A smash of color—and more color is the new bright outlook . . . in Hadley's Café Collection: Blue Angel, Emerald Grotto, Limelight, Café Doney, Pink Elephant, Coral Reef, The Embers. Hadley cashmere and co-ordinated separates are available at:

Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; I. Magnin & Co., California and Seattle; Goldwaters, Phoenix; and other fine stores.

GOOD CATCH (ALL)

Silhouette Setmakers by Rolfs

Silhouette is strapped for fashion! Rolfs adds the effect of a slim golden-tipped strap to beautifully textured Bombay Calf for a dash of worldly styling. Enormously chic transportation for your precious portables. Red, Black or White.

ROLFS

also creators of AMITY fine leather accessories



Cigarette Case $3.95* Lighter $2.50* Eyeglass Case $3.50* Billfold $5.95* French Purse $5.95* Key Kaddy $2.95* French Clutch $7.95 *plus tax

Quality at your feet

BROWN SHOE COMPANY

Air Step

Enjoy unlined softness. new lightness

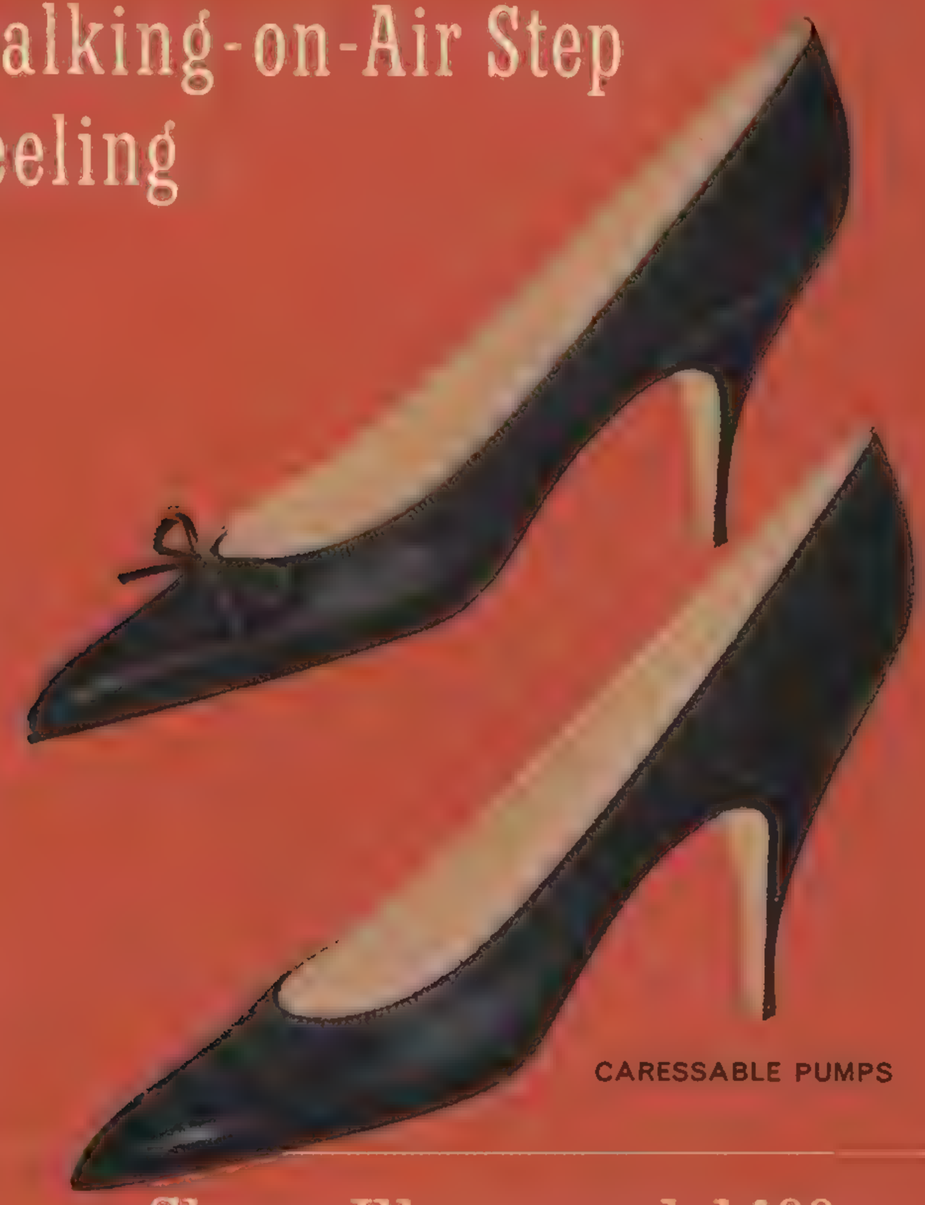


Textured kid pumps, each with elasticized topline for clinging fit.

Discover that wonderful walking-on-Air Step feeling



The shoe with the Magic Sole – it's cushioned



CARESSABLE PUMPS

To bring you shoes that represent America's biggest dollar's worth today, we use leather as well as a wide variety of materials including fiber and plastic products, textiles and metals—all of which have been thoroughly tested in Brown Shoe Company's Quality Control Laboratories . . . AIR STEP DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. Also manufactured in Canada by Brown Shoe Company of Canada, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Shoes Illustrated 14.99

Other styles, 9.99 to 14.99. Higher Denver West and Canada

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YOU'LL LOOK

SO BEAUTIFUL

AND FEEL

SO WONDERFUL

IN

Smoothie

FOUNDATIONS

OF DUPONT'S

Lycra®

SPANDEX

Foundations so light, so sheer, so silky soft, yet with the miraculous power of Du Pont's LYCRA to work wonders with your figure. You'll feel as though you are wearing next to nothing in the fashion-wise panties, girdles, bras, and all-in-ones Smoothie has created with this fabulous new fiber that slims your figure as never before.

A lovely example is this Smoothie panty — the newest of the new in really comfortable control. Look for the delicate pink camellia embroidered on the front. White, S, M, L, and XL. $15.

There's a matching long-leg panty and girdle, too, for your basic fashion wardrobe. Smoothie bra also in LYCRA.

ELASTIC SATIN: Acetate, Nylon, Lycra Spandex.
ELASTIC NET: Nylon, Acetate, Lycra Spandex.



®"Lycra" is Du Pont's trademark for its spandex fiber.

The Strouse, Adler Company,
New Haven, Connecticut



3SA61

How to plan a round-the-world wardrobe with 5 new Handmacher suits

(and take the trip on P&O-Orient for as little as $17 a day!) Our adventuress below is boarding her P&O-Orient liner in San Francisco wearing a tweed suit by Handmacher cut in the young, new manner of Fall '61. The suit is triple starred to keep its good looks at any port of call. (Note the delightful new low-flare skirt with front detail. * Silk ascot not shown.) Comes in sapphire, emerald or amethyst. About $75 at: B. Altman, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

Photographed by Fred Lyon aboard P&O-Orient's Chusan which sails through the Orient to London.



Gay Days and Glittering Nights on your P&O-Orient Cruise

These two new Handmacher suits will take you through a day from English breakfast to the last moonlit liqueur.

Left: The best Pacific traveler since Captain Cook. Handmacher's double knit costume with striped blouse and stitched front-pleat skirt *à la* Chanel. About $75 in pumpkin or granite gray at: Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Meier & Frank, Portland, Oregon; Smartwear, Emma-Lange, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Right: Handmacher's elegant cocktail suit in glowing black velvet with the Chanel silhouette. The pure silk crêpe blouse and matching jacket lining come in three face-flattering colors. Sizes 10 to 18. About $85 at: Halle Brothers, Cleveland; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; H. Liebes, San Francisco.

British officers on P&O-Orient liners are absolutely charming. They are always available for advice on camera angles. Or vintages.





Two new Handmachers for your junket through the Orient

Try to be first ashore when your P&O-Orient liner docks at Japan on her way to Europe. The shopping is fabulous. And the fabulous suit to pack for shopping or temple-gazing is this double knit Handmacher with delicate stitched yoke detail and low flare skirt. (No problem to pack. It takes up the same amount of space as this issue of Vogue!) About $65 at: Regenstein's, Atlanta; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond. Your trip to London by way of the Orient, India and Mediterranean runs from $717.

Right: Scene stealer on land or sea. The young choir-boy collar suit in cranberry, heather or Imperial blue worsted. Exquisitely tailored by Handmacher. About $65 at: J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit; L. L. Berger Co., Buffalo; Jelleff's, Washington.



Where to buy your new Handmacher suits

Albany, New York—Flah's
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Goodyear's

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers
Birmingham, Ala.—Burger-Phillips
Bloomington, Ill.—Livingston's
Boston, Mass.—C. Crawford Hollidge Co.

Charleston, West Virginia—Polan's
Charlotte, N. C.—J. B. Ivey
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller's
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Columbia, S. C.—James L. Tapp
Corpus Christi, Texas—Lichtenstein's

Dallas, Texas—Sanger's-A. Harris
Denver, Colo.—May D & F
Duluth, Minn.—Edward F. Wahl

El Paso, Texas—Popular Dry Goods
Evanston, Ill.—Edgar A. Steven's Co.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Wolf & Dessauer

Gary, Ind.—The Ladies Shop
Greensboro, N. C.—Montaldo's

Harrisburg, Pa.—Mary Sachs
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Houston, Texas—Foley's

Indianapolis, Ind.—W. H. Block

Kalamazoo, Mich.—The Style Shop

Lancaster, Pa.—Mary Sachs
Lansing, Mich.—Style Shop-Seaman Co.
Lincoln, Nebraska—Miller & Paine Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Louisville, Ky.—Stewart Dry Goods

Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.

Nashville, Tenn.—Cain-Sloan Co.
New Haven, Conn.—Fred Phipps
New Orleans, La.—Godchaux
Norfolk, Va.—Smith-Welton

Omaha, Nebraska—Brandeis
Orlando, Fla.—Dickson & Ives

Phoenix, Ariz.—Goldwater's

Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.

Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock-Lubin
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Brothers
San Diego, Calif.—Marston Co.
San Jose, Calif.—Marcus Co.
Savannah, Ga.—Leopold Adler
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson
South Bend, Ind.—Gilbert's
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Dry Goods Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Flah's

Tacoma, Wash.—Lou Johnson
Topeka, Kansas—Palace Clothing Co.
Tucson, Ariz.—Levy's

West Palm Beach, Fla.—Norman's
Winston-Salem, N. C.—Montaldo's
Worcester, Mass.—Richard Healy

How to plan your trip round-the-world on P&O-Orient Lines for as little as $17 a day

Just pop off the coupon below with twenty-five cents for your World Travel Planner Kit. It's crammed with information, maps, travel tips, and fares. The works. When you've planned your trip —where, when, and how much—drop by and see your travel agent for your tickets and final details. He's a whizz at getting you organized.

P&O-Orient Lines, Dept. 10E
155 Post Street, San Francisco 8, Calif.

Sirs: Please send my World Travel Planner Kit.
Enclosed is 25¢ to cover handling and mailing.

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City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

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A stream of daringly realistic brilliants and golden chains. Crystal, topaz, ruby, emerald or sapphire with gold; or a rajah's multi-mix of them all. Will you be the first to wear them? Necklace, as shown $20. Flexible Bracelet, $5. Cluster Button Earrings, $4. Other Necklaces, $8, $10. Drop or Contour Earrings, $4. All, plus tax. At fine stores everywhere, or write to Kramer Jewelry, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. for the store nearest you.

THE DIAMOND LOOK® BY

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KRAMER



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Virginia Thoren

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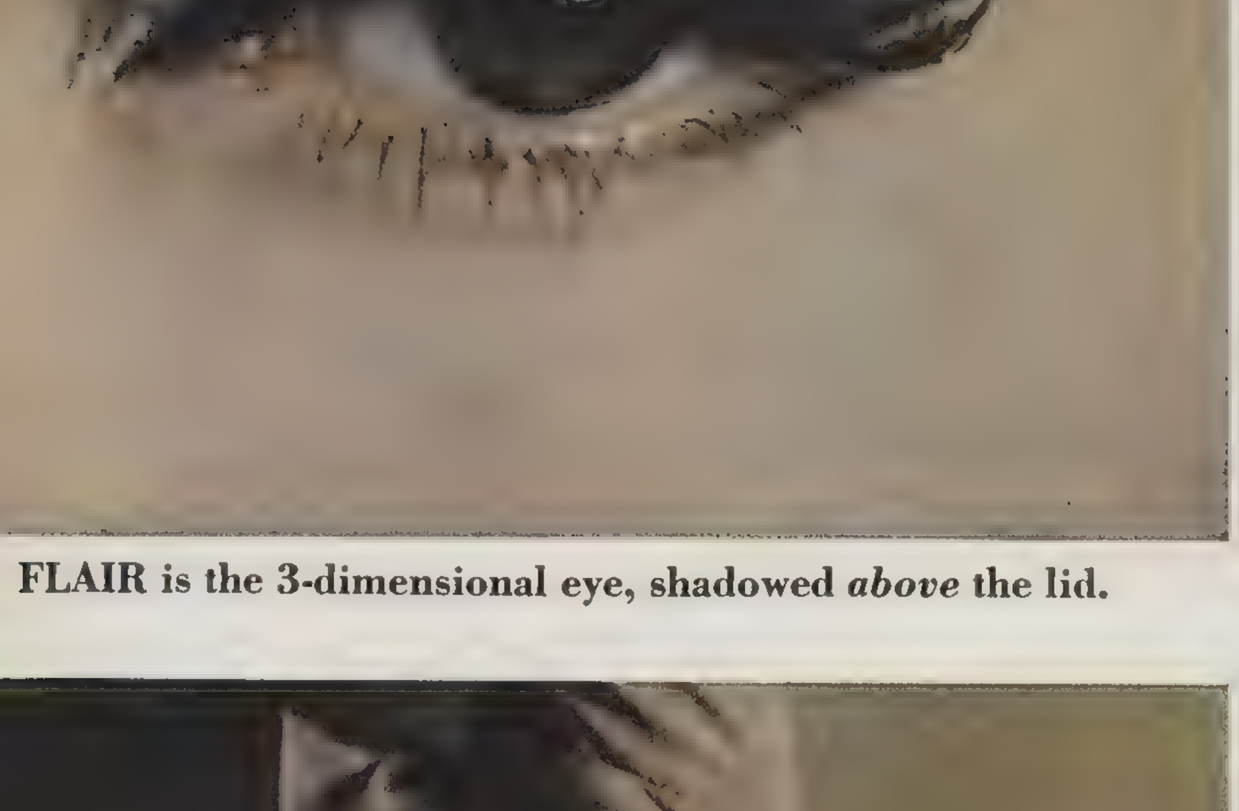
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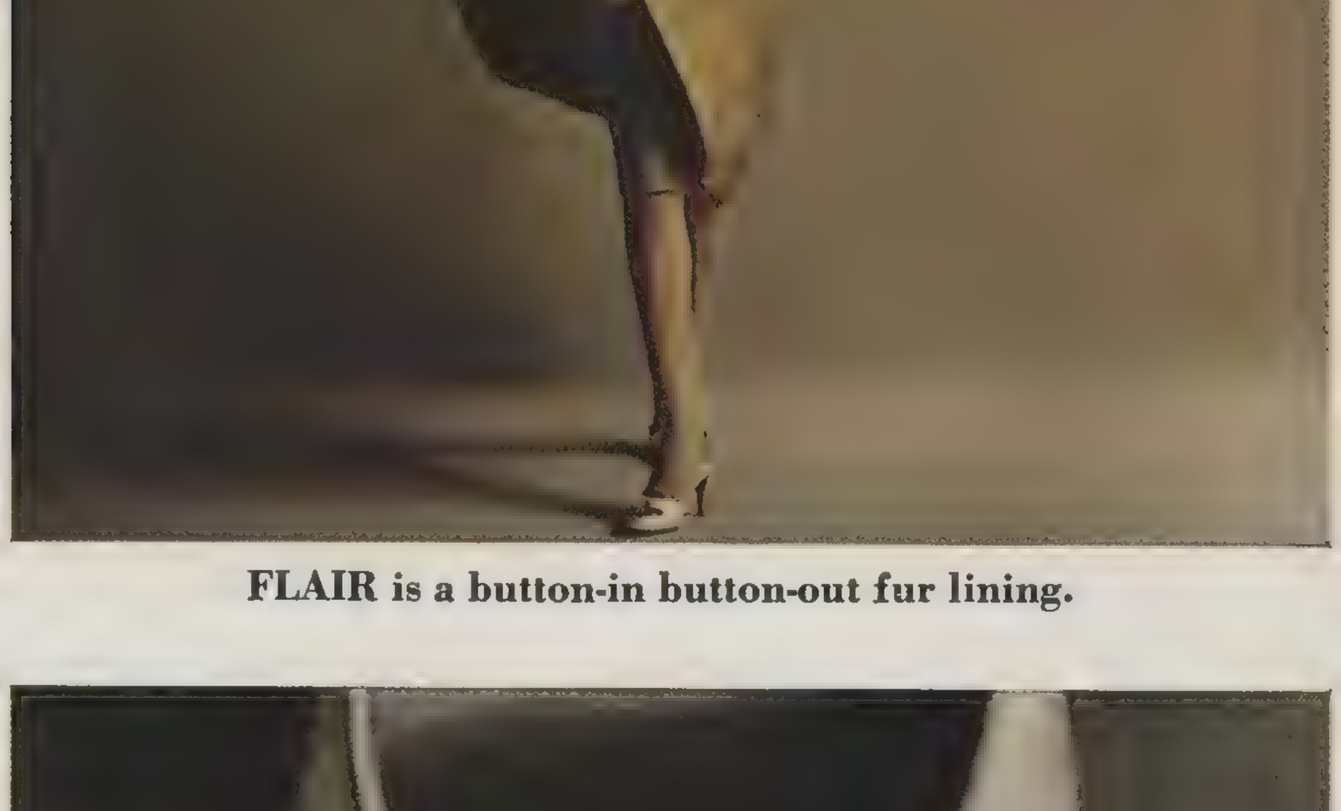
FLAIR is the 3-dimensional eye, shadowed *above* the lid.



FLAIR is a button-in button-out fur lining.



FLAIR is flare—especially the short flared skirt.



FLAIR is the squared toe, even for evening.

SABLE-LINED LAMÉ COAT, REISS & FABRIZIO. GOLD KNIT DRESS, GINO PAOLI. DOMED PIN, BRANIA. LIZARD-TRIMMED HAT, EMMÉ. FLARED DRESS, LARRY ALDRICH. GREY LIZARD SHOES, MARGARET JERROLD. BRUSHED-GOLD SHOES, DAVID EVINS. WATERFALL EARRING, MIRIAM HASKELL.

Flair?



FLAIR is a domed pin—flashily fake.



FLAIR is lizard in unexpected places.



FLAIR is a waterfall earring, plunging over the *top*.



FLAIR IS A STUNNING NEW FRAGRANCE BY YARDLEY.
FLAIR was *born* for the new clothes...a fragrance with a cool first impression and a slow, subtle, mounting shock. FLAIR is Fashion 1961 — in a bottle.
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Lace Bouquet lingerie wardrobe: Girdle #54107, $5.95. Bra #24108 $4.95. Petticoat #62109 $3.95. Slip #72109, $5.95. Slip and petticoat in our own all-nylon tricot and Romance Rose lace, designed and made by Van Raalte. Not shown: Pantie Girdle #5410B, $6.95. Sun Beige with Sun Brown. Many other color-matched styles.



HUTZLER BROS. CO., BALTIMORE; CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., CHICAGO; LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, AND ALL STORES; JOSEPH HORNE CO., PITTSBURGH; MONTALDO'S, ALL STORES. *REG. T.M. OF CHEMSTRAND

Crimps per in., 8 to 10. And checks take on a crisp fall air.

Here, a sleek little outfit with the hallmarks of a good fall suit and none of the heaviness. Credit Acrilan. This fabulous fiber is crimped to make a fine crisp fabric, then dyed the colors of classic fall suitings. A serene way, this, to launch the season. Robert Leonard suit in Chemspun fabric made of 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber. In sizes 8 to 20. About $50. Suit also in blue/black check.* ***The Chemstrand Corporation,*** *New York 1, makes Acrilan® acrylic fiber. This checked suit is made by* ***Robert Leonard.***

ACRILAN
acrylic fiber



Matching lace, matching lightweight fabrics, matching looks too. Formfit Romance bra with natural princess curves, in Satin Glo nylon tricot with nylon lace applique. 32 A to 38 C. $3.95. Ounces-light LYCRA® Spandex Skippies girdle, matching lace panel. Thigh-smoothing pantie. S, M, L. $10.95. Regular length pantie or girdle. $7.95 Shown in Rogers Red. Also in Ariel Blue, Sparkling Champagne, White or Black. The Formfit Company, a Genesco Division, Chicago, New York, Paris



The second layer by Rogers, continues the most luxurious look in under-cover fashion, keeps harmony from the inside out. Soft, supple Satin Glo nylon tricot in a smooth, natural body-fitting slip with matching nylon lace scalloped at bodice and appliqued at the hem. Proportioned lengths. Sizes 32-40. $6. Also matching half slip, $4 and matching brief, $2.50. Rogers Red, Ariel Blue, Sparkling Champagne, White or Black. Rogers Lingerie, a Genesco Division, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York


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DOROTHY GRAY...
THE SIGNIFICANT
SKIN CARE DISCOVERY
OF THE
20TH CENTURY

SECRET of the SEA

BY DOROTHY GRAY

The first formula of its kind
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to bring back nature's own
softness...nature's own misty glow, even to
skin that has seemed
hopelessly dry.

Why do the women who live by the sea have the world's most exquisite complexions? Dorothy Gray research scientists probed the mystery for years, eventually uncovering the long-secret link between skin beauty and the sea. And from this discovery comes Secret of the Sea, a new principle of skin care ...a wholly new and different formula in a luxurious, fragrant cream. Secret of the Sea was first used by eminent dermatologists who tested it on patients with cases of dry skin serious enough to require the attention of a specialist . . . and without exception they praised its remarkable effectiveness. From the first gentle caress of this delicate, sea-tinted cream your skin drinks in fabulous benefits. Thirsty skin is refreshed. Scaly dryness disappears. Your complexion takes on a misty, mysterious glow . . . even though it may have seemed hopelessly dry for years. For Secret of the Sea brings to your skin all the blessings of a sea atmosphere no matter where you live — desert or valley, hot climate or cold. Secret of the Sea is recommended especially for face, neck and other areas subject to roughness or flaking due to dryness. Regular use is guaranteed to keep your skin softer, smoother, lovelier, or your money will be refunded. $5. $8.50 and $15. (In liquid formula also, Secret of the Sea Emulsion, 1½ oz. $5., 3 oz. $8.50.)

DOROTHY GRAY

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Its bra top and lastex back sleekly underline the new knit fashions



It's true. The Su-lette gets letters from all over the world . . . because it's just about the most comfortable, most figure-flattering slip there *is* in the world. When you wear it, you'll want to join the fan club, too! (Especially when you see the price!)

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COVERED UP AND BARE
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OR OUTSIDE?

(When you know, you know why Silf Skin is the most comfortable pantie girdle made.)

Why are we showing you a picture of a girl wearing her longleg pantie girdle inside out? Because we want you to see for yourself that, unlike other girdles, Silf Skin has no seams where it counts. It is as smooth inside as out.

No seams where it counts; therefore, no hurt, nothing to bind, rub, irritate, dig, chafe, push.

And there's marvelous figure-shaping with Silf Skin. (The girl above is actually a nice round ten pounds more than you suspect.) Silf Skin's newly improved control comes from the fabric, which is made from one continuous strand of softest elastic yarn on special patented machines. The control is knitted in, not cut or sewn in as it is in ordinary seamed girdles. Silf Skin feels gentle, cool, clean, light; it is a most pleasant pantie girdle to wear. You'll particularly like the firm, no-nonsense control of the newly strengthened waistband. No nonsense and no seams where it counts!

Take another look at the picture. Wouldn't it feel good to slip on a Silf Skin and look like this?



LONGLEG $7.50, UP PANTIE $5.95, UP GIRDLE $5.00, UP

SILF SKIN

NO SEAMS WHERE IT COUNTS

AVAILABLE IN REGULAR OR SUPER CONTROL AT FINE STORES IN THE U. S. AND CANADA



Bravissimo
for this truly
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Such butter-soft leather
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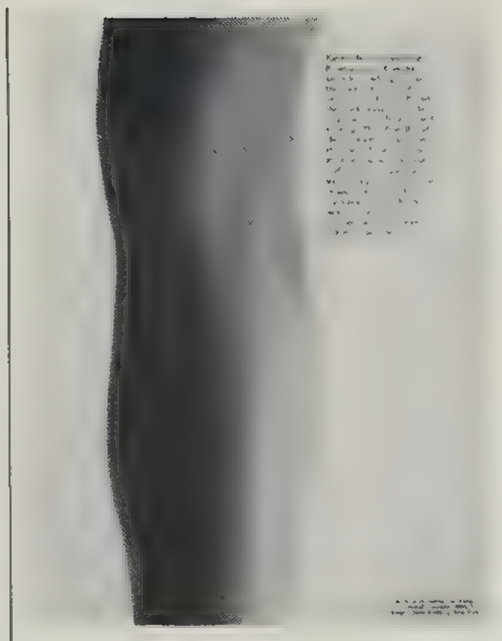
G. LEVOR & CO., INC. GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

For girls: classics with news



DIANA NORMAN

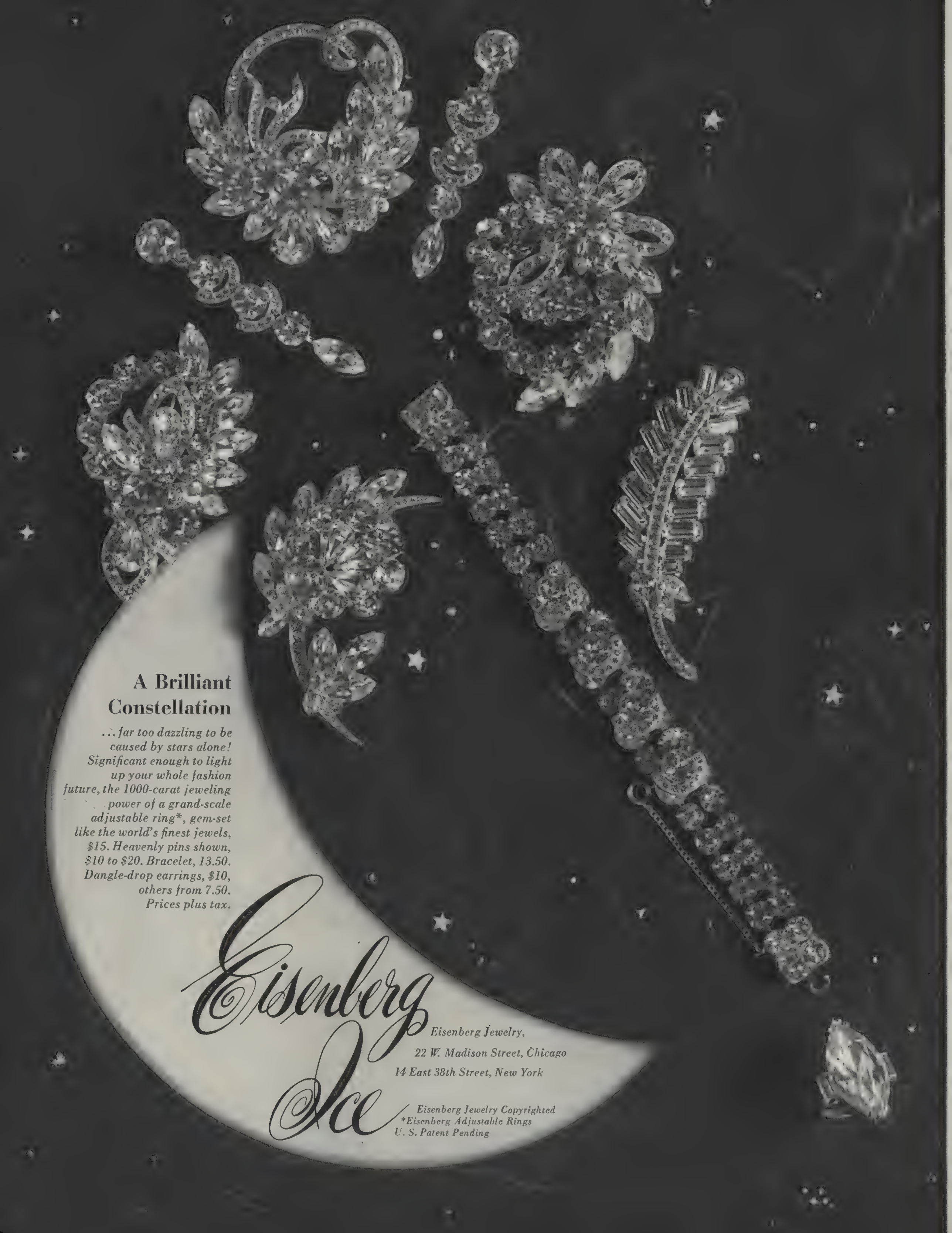
A coat and dress, both
on the classic side, but with
new science-class improvements
that add to their life
and looks. The coat is wool
and camel's hair, camel-coloured,
with fleecy zip-in lining that
feels furry, is weightlessly
warm. By Coat Craft, lining
of Sherpa (Creslan);
sizes 7 to 14. About $30.
Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop.
The two-piece dress is bright
red jersey—the fabric washable,
the pleats resolved to
stay. By Cromwell Mills, of
Alamac Thalspun jersey of
Orlon and wool; sizes 7 to 14.
Top, about $4; skirt, about $7.
At Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.



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Round-the-Clock stockings fit better at the knee than any other stockings, because they're practically sold by prescription. First, a Round-the-Clock salesgirl records vital statistics about you and your legs. Then, from Round-the-Clock's many variations, she plucks the one size that fits from toe to ankle, from calf to thigh, in width as well as length (without strain or sag or wrinkles). Yes, there is a stocking that fits so well it almost stays up without garters. Its name is Round-the-Clock.

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National Associated Mills, Inc
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A Brilliant Constellation

... far too dazzling to be caused by stars alone! Significant enough to light up your whole fashion future, the 1000-carat jeweling power of a grand-scale adjustable ring, gem-set like the world's finest jewels, $15. Heavenly pins shown, $10 to $20. Bracelet, 13.50. Dangle-drop earrings, $10, others from 7.50. Prices plus tax.*

Eisenberg Ice

Eisenberg Jewelry,
22 W. Madison Street, Chicago
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**Eisenberg Adjustable Rings U. S. Patent Pending*

Not since the fall of man
a color
that describes innocence
so provocatively!

Golden Apple

by COTY

Seize the purest part of red ... stroke in a glimmer of gold ... and suddenly this shimmering new *russet* emerges! It's a young but knowing red, washed clear of the coyness of pink ... a burnished glowing red, born with just one reason for being: to beguile.



COTY "24" LIPSTICK
AND MATCHING
SUPER-SHEEN NAIL POLISH
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

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A splendid splash, to wear with dash! That's the big fashion point for these exquisite pins. Counter-clockwise: Pinwheel 10.00, Ribbon Bow 5.00, Long Leaf 7.50, Seashell 5.00, Aster 4.00. Prices plus tax.

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YOU CAN TELL IT'S A

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THE ARTIST HAS A GIFT OF TRANSFORMING REALITY INTO POETRY. THIS BARBIZON LYRIC IS AN EXQUISITE THREE-PIECE CUT SLIP IN SATIN DE LYS® WITH A WEALTH OF FRENCH NYLON LACE AND A CROWNING WREATH OF ROSE EMBROIDERY. 'EMBRACE' IN WHITE, BLACK, CANDLELIGHT. $9.00 AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE.

Satin de Lys® is Nylon, Dacron-Polyester and Silk.



KAYSER LINGERIE razzle-dazzlery—this she-she jump suit and brushed jacket to boot in tricot of Du Pont Nylon. It's a capsule costume, a space suit with lace. All minx, motion and cosmic commotion. Washes astronomically, automatic or not. Dismisses the iron. Oh, never the heights, the delights, the glamorous nights 'til this beguiling missile in fuchsia/French orchid, turquoise/aquamarine, or copper/cognac. Sizes 32-36. About $30 for the set. At Bloomingdale's, New York, Bergen County, Fresh Meadows, New Rochelle & Stamford; Jordan Marsh Co., Florida.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make jump suit shown here.



The most beautifully adjusted knit suit of all...is satin bound, easy jacketed, doubly new-looking in double knit 100% imported Merino worsted wool with a Wevenknit stitch. Just one from Talbott's collection of double knit, flat knit suits, coats and dresses in colors that express your fashion personality: Red lava, bone, blue dusk or black. Sizes 8 to 16. About $35.00. Slightly higher west of the Rockies. At all fine stores or write Talbott, Inc.—coordinated sweaters, skirts, pants, shirts, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y. **Talbott**

Premiere of a new deep-pile coating of acrylic and Dynel modacrylic



SO POSH...SO UNMISTAKABLY DYNEL • PLACE ELEGANCE by PRINCETON

Soft drift of snowy sparkle, in a diffused damask pattern possible only with Dynel. Here in Modelia's new barrel-shaped coat with wide-armhole sleeves, black crocheted buttons. Sizes 6 to 16. About $100.

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"Yes, Madam...even the Swiss zippers are exactingly match-dyed!"

Nothing in a Distinction garment is taken for granted. For example, the zipper...a most prosaic word for a highly essential, ingenious and fashionable concept. A Distinction zipper is Swiss made. It is exclusive. It is dyed with the fabric for an exacting match. It is nylon plastic, not metal, and cannot irritate nor discolor. It is in this high spirit of painstaking attention to detail and exquisite artfulness that distinction is created...to flatter the figure, to impart a feeling of elation for its craftsmanship. Or, rather craftswomanship. Devoted craftswomen (like our seamstress above) spend more hours than you would believe possible to make each colorful garment a masterpiece of the fine art of corsetry. A few examples: hidden adjustable garters, nine bra closure positions, lace-etched lingerie straps. $5 to $40.

Bra #240, white, helio, iris, or black with french nude, A, B, C cup $5, D cup $5.95. Girdle #623, white, iris, black with french nude $17.50. Torsolette #846, white, helio, or black with pink, $19.95. At better stores. Triumph of Europe, 200 Madison Ave., New York 16. In Canada, 111 Queen St. East, Toronto

Distinction
by Triumph of Europe, Inc.

How do you like those misty English garden prints? Both robes come in both colors—and also in shades of French blue. Dorian does the styling. Sizes 8-18.

English Viyella—a lamb in your hand and a lion in the wash

EACH of the early birds you see above is wearing a robe of English Viyella. Which they say is a little bit like being hugged by a friendly phantom.

That's because Viyella is soft and warm and sumptuous—yet gloriously *light*. Even a full-length robe of this feathery stuff weighs less than 14 ounces, and packs into a corner of your overnight case.

Other nice notes. You can wash Viyella *ad infinitum*. No shrinking or fading—or we give you a new robe. And the longer you wear it, the lambier Viyella feels.

Now notice the softly shirred waistline on our girl in pink—and the unusual bateau neckline (*it stands up*). That robe costs about $35. The downy little duster is $5 less.

For store names, write to William Hollins & Co., 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17. Or call MUrray Hill 4-7330.

Never be bamboozled by something that sounds like Viyella—but isn't. The real thing is spun in England of 55 per cent lamb's wool and 45 per cent costly long-staple cotton. For sixty-seven years, copycats have been trying to duplicate Viyella's *warmth-without-weight*. None has succeeded.

Viyella®



one-woman all-in-one

Devoted to you—in a season when silhouettes are "body-conscious" again. Shaping a lovely youthful bra-line, moulding a firm, smooth midriff, curving in at your waist and flattening hips, tummy, derriere with exclusive Two-Fold control. That's our all-in-one all over. From an elegant Mario Collection in white and pastels to match your lingerie, 20.00. Poirette Corsets Inc., 136 Madison Avenue, NY. **POIRETTE**

For the first time, both the s.s. United States and the s.s. America will cruise to the West Indies. November through March. Send for free folder. Write U.S. Lines, 1 Broadway, New York 4.





Mr. and Mrs. Thorne Donnelley, Scottsdale, Arizona, on the promenade deck. He is retired Chairman of the Board of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. There are acres of deck space!

This elegant sea-going resort commutes to Europe in 5 days

Once aboard the s.s. United States, you'll say, "*This is really living!*" There's a service staff of 700, anticipating the whims of the discriminating people on board. There's a swimming pool and gym. 3 Meyer Davis Orchestras. Two movie theatres. The entire ship is air-conditioned. And the cuisine, specializing in delicacies from 5 continents, is one of the reasons why United States Lines ships win everlasting friends.

This is Thrift Season with low off-season rates plus a 10% reduction on round trips. You can save *25%* with excursion rates in effect November through February.

The s.s. United States, world's fastest ship, calls regularly at Havre and Southampton, makes special trips to Bremerhaven.

The s.s. America, renowned for her first class luxury, now offers new comfort and spaciousness for Tourist passengers. She calls regularly at Cobh, Havre, Southampton and Bremerhaven.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

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Owner-operators of the s.s. United States, the s.s. America, and a fleet of 53 fast cargo vessels to Europe, the United Kingdom, the Far East, Australia.



Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Eisenmenger of Düsseldorf, Germany, and their daughter Brigitte J. Eisenmenger, who is a fashion model. The passenger lists include prominent international leaders of society, business, government.

KEYS TO COOKING SUCCESS

BY DOLORES VANETTI

Recipes tell how to do things rather than explain why they are done. Even trimmed down to the minimum ingredients, recipes tend to blur as one follows them blindly. What is worse, in relying too much upon them, one runs the risk of never grasping those few basic cooking facts which make it possible to forget about the cookbook once and for all.

I have come to think that fledgling cooks have greater need of "keys" to cooking than of recipes to cook by. By a key, I mean a combination of condiments or vegetables that will always go well together and that will improve the taste of a variety of foods—in short, a combination with which one can't go wrong. On this basis, one can begin to cook without recipes.

Take green beans and chopped parsley. Whether fresh green beans are called *haricots verts maison* or "our very own tender baby green beans," no better seasoning has been found for them than chopped parsley with a pat of sweet butter and pepper and salt.

A half-teaspoon of parsley, fresh or dried, stirred into a can of beans boiled in water and salt, transforms the can into *haricots blancs* Brittany style. Add chopped garlic and tomato paste and you have meatless *cassoulet*. But omit the parsley and there is nothing to bind the flavours together.

Another example in the field of condiments. Dried legumes —lentils, split peas, et cetera— poured from bag or box straight into the cooking pot without soaking, sorting, or washing (some brands even come precooked), become succulent soups or stews in thirty minutes to an hour, provided they are cooked with this key seasoning of: *one onion studded with a clove, one bay leaf, one carrot, and one clove of garlic.* This *bouquet garni* is not so much to flavour the dish as to remove the raw and watery taste that boiled legumes have. Without it, the dish can fail no matter what else is put in. But once the herbs are there, the dish can be built on. This bouquet is more important than the ham bone for soups or turkey leftovers for stews. (This goes for all legumes with the exception of Boston baked beans cooked in molasses.)

An onion, one bay leaf, and a pinch of thyme will make a French potato stew out of a handful of potatoes; and for that matter they will make a well-spiced stew out of almost any non-leafy cooked vegetables one has on hand. Simply fry the onion a light brown, in any kind of fat, put the vegetables in with a bay leaf and a pinch of thyme, pepper and salt, with enough water to cover. Put on a lid and simmer, and there it is forty minutes later.

Carrots and onions enter into so many recipes as to be taken for granted—fried golden brown for black meat stews; boiled in

(Continued on page 107)





KAYSER MAKES THE FEMME... FATALE!

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KEYS TO COOKING SUCCESS

(Continued from page 105)

white meat stews and in court-bouillon; sautéed for sauces and soups, and so forth. Suppose we use onions and carrots alone to see what they can do.

MOCK CHICKEN SOUP
Done in 20 minutes
Serves 6

3 medium-size carrots, peeled and cut in chunks
2 large onions, yellow or white, peeled and quartered
2 large potatoes, peeled and quartered (or leftover mashed potatoes)
1 teaspoon salt
1 pinch of pepper
6 cups of water

Pressure cook 10 minutes. Cool immediately, strain, and save the stock. Run vegetables through a blender or food mill. Put the resulting purée back in the stock (if leftover potatoes are used, add them now). Bring the soup to a boil. When potatoes are used to thicken soups—any kind of soup—they have a tendency to rasp one's throat. To make soup creamy and smooth: dilute one teaspoon of cornstarch in two tablespoons of water, stir into the soup, and cook less than one minute. This soup comes out a light chicken broth colour. Serve as is, with a pat of butter, or chilled and topped with chives or dill.

This carrot-and-onion key can be used as the basis for a variety of vegetable combinations. Here are some suggestions:

JARDINIÈRE OF VEGETABLES
Cooks in 1 hour

Keep these proportions in mind:
2 cups peeled and chopped raw carrots *and*
1 cup peeled and chopped raw onions *will season*
4 cups of any raw vegetables, mixed or plain. Try peas, snap or wax beans, Italian green limas, corn off the cob, diced young turnips, or thinly cut winter turnips or parsnips.
For extra seasoning add:
1 celery stalk, cut up
1 handful salad leaves and stalks
1 diced green pepper

Put the vegetables in a Pyrex dish with lid, filling the dish as near the top as possible. Season with salt and pepper (butter or fat optional) without a drop of water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven. Do this when the oven is being used for roasts or baking.

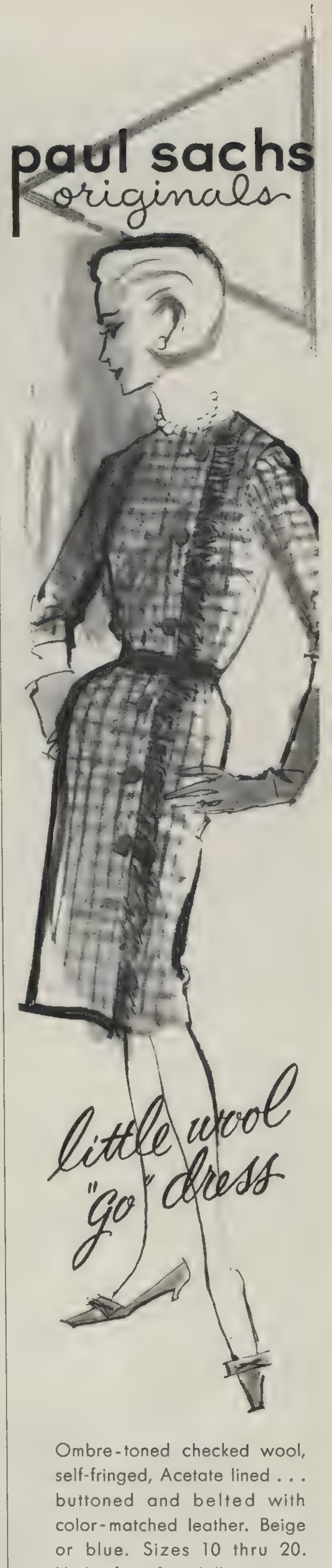
CARROTS AND SCALLION TOPS
Cooks in 15 minutes

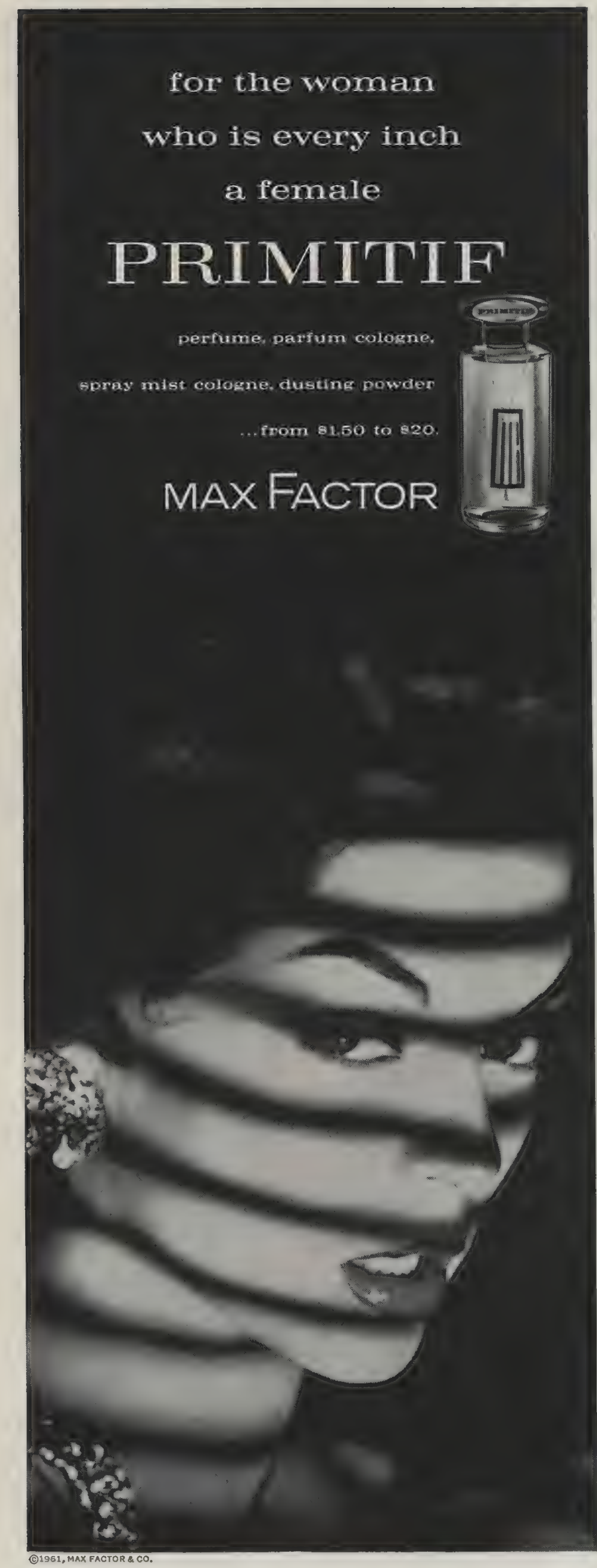
Peel and cut carrots into sticks. Place on aluminum foil. Season with pepper and salt, top with washed scallion greens and a pat of butter. Wrap and seal completely in foil. Bake 15 minutes in very hot oven. Discard scallions and serve as is. Outstanding.

It sometimes gives Europeans a strange feeling to read in American cookbooks about the kind of European foods they were supposedly raised on. But the strangest thing of all is that a dish which in Europe calls for at most five ingredients turns up in America requiring fifteen. American recipes for roast veal, for example, tend to require seasoning herbs, poultry stuffing, brown sugar, mustard, vinegar, barbecue sauce, Kitchen Bouquet, MBT seasoning, with a gravy to be made later—the whole, as likely as not, to be served with cranberries, bananas, or pineapple chunks. Now, the really important things one needs are: a bay leaf, a carrot, an onion, pepper, and salt, and a baker's oven to roast the veal in. (Baker's oven cookery—that is, literally taking your dish to the baker to cook in his oven—is one of the things European city dwellers make the most of when vacationing in the country, because the baker's oven roasts and bakes without drying things up. Because bread is made at the same time, baker's ovens have a moist atmosphere.) For veal, aluminum foil replaces a baker's oven beautifully. Veal happens to be one of the few meats that can roast in foil without coming out as if they had been stewed or braised.

ROAST VEAL
Cooking time 30 minutes a pound

Cook to be done 30 minutes ahead of serving time, if possible,
(Continued on page 110)





DEEP INTO LIBYA

(Continued from page 34)

atre, which dates from the last quarter of the second century. The restoration of this elegant building and its scattered remains is a work of patience and genius. Many scholars think that, along with Palladio's Teatro Olimpico in Vicenza, it is the most classical theatre in the world. As one sits in the comfortable auditorium—divided in three zones by two semicircular ambulatories—the view of the long rectangular stage and the shimmering sea beyond is a delight. One can lunch at a very good restaurant in Sabratha; and in spring or summer, bathe after visiting the ruins. In spite of its riches, Sabratha never became as large a city as Leptis Magna. Although three hours are sufficient for a visit to Sabratha, six are barely enough to cover the vast area of Leptis, a two-and-a-half-hour drive from Tripoli.

Leptis Magna was the birthplace of Septimius Severus, who embellished and enriched it during his successful rule. Although wars kept him in Britain for the last three years of his life and he died in York, this emperor, Negroid in appearance, lost neither his African accent nor his strong attachment to the land of his origin.

Leptis, like Sabratha, is by the sea. Desert sand has preserved this deserted city. In its way, Leptis is as thrilling as Petra or Baalbek. The Forum is magnificent. Its four sides, lined with exquisitely designed porticoes, have an intricately woven marble frieze of acanthus.

The nearby Basilica is full of wonders—but more astounding are the delicate Dionysian scenes of deer, centaurs, and fauns, intertwined with grapes and vines carved on two large monolith pilasters of marble. To find this quality of work again, one must skip several centuries to the Renaissance sculptors, Mino da Fiesole and Desiderio da Settignano.

Marvellously serene, well-scaled and elegant, the Leptis theatre is built on a slight hill. On one side, the blue sea borders an interminable procession of sand dunes; on the other, endless groves of palms emerge from honeycombed ruins.

Among the innumerable important sites are the charming Museum and the Roman villa by the sea, which has ravishing frescoes of lively desert battles between lancers and tigers, plus a river scene of hatted boatmen, strollers on the river's edge, and a superb view of a distant palace.

Two troglodytic settlements, the Arab Garian and the Jewish Tigrinna, are set in the beautiful, rugged hills of the Libyan interior—an all-day excursion from Tripoli by car through the desert. Just what drove these people to live underground is a matter of conjecture—but even in the twentieth century it is a clever solution against winter cold or summer heat. Small, cosy rooms around a circular pit are as much as eighty feet deep. In this pit, the women of the settlement go about their daily business, their alfresco cooking unhampered by goats, sheep, and other animals tied to wooden poles. These communities are reached by subterranean passages dug through the earth, blocked, at intervals, by wooden doors. At night, the doors are bolted with old-fashioned locks and keys, and late-comers are out of luck. Visitors find charming manners and are offered tea. Acceptance is mandatory. The women wear multicoloured robes and massive silver jewellery, their faces vividly painted, their hair worn imaginatively.

Time appears to stand still, both here and at the ancient, unused synagogue near Tigrinna. Built a few feet below ground, it has whitewashed walls and columns, a softly-rounded ceiling. The learned local guide explained that Jews settled here almost 2,000 years ago after the fall of Jerusalem.

With time to spare, the archaeology *aficionado* should venture into the interior of Tripolitania. Depending on the extent of the journey, plans should include hiring a car or jeep and stopping at simple inns or taking camping equipment. Professor Vergara Caffarelli, an authority on the antiquities of Tripolitania, can be of enormous help in mapping out the itinerary, perhaps to magnificent fortified farms or the neoclassical tombs in the two cemeteries at Ghirza or the obelisk tombs. Rising in the desert, these monuments create the same architectural excitement as the monuments in Palmyra.

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KEYS TO COOKING SUCCESS

(Continued from page 107)

to allow the meat to set and cool and to make carving easier. Roast veal generally comes dressed with a strip of fresh lard. For loin or boned rib roasts, have the bones sent up with the meat. For leg or rump roasts ask for an extra gravy bone.

For a 6-pound roast:

2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf
1 carrot, cut in half
1 onion, quartered

Place salted and peppered roast on aluminum foil. Place gravy bone, carrots, onions, and bay leaf around the roast, and seal completely in foil. Put in a baking pan and cook in a moderate oven (350°). Open the foil when roast is half-cooked. The roast will be bathing in uncoloured gravy. Finish cooking in open foil, turning once to brown other side. The gravy browns up as the meat finishes cooking. To serve, discard seasoning herbs (the bone will be good for soups).

Serve the sauce as it is, or add enough tomato juice or sauce to give it a pink colour. To make a smooth, glazed-looking sauce: spoon out excess fat, add an equal amount of hot water to the gravy, thicken with one teaspoon of cornstarch mixed in two tablespoons of water. Colour with tomato sauce or juice. Serve with noodles.

Mirepoix is a mixture of finely chopped vegetables, first cooked in butter or oil, then used to season bland meat and certain fish that tend to dry up as they cook. Only highly seasoned greens are used in mirepoix, but the base always consists of carrots and one green of the onion family: leeks, scallions, onions, or chives. Mirepoix doubles up as the vegetable course. Short of fresh greens, dehydrated vegetable flakes can be used—cooked first for ten minutes in a small quantity of water with one tablespoon of butter or oil.

FRESH TUNA STEAKS MIREPOIX

Prepared and cooked in 30 minutes
Serves 2

1 pound tuna steak
1 tablespoon of butter
1 carrot
1 leek (the white part plus 1 inch of green), or 4 scallions
1 celery stalk
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
Pepper and salt

Wash, peel, and chop vegetables very fine. Cook in covered pan with the butter. The mixture should wilt, not fry, in about eight minutes. Cut enough foil to wrap and seal fish in completely. Salt and pepper the fish. Spoon half the mirepoix on foil, the fish on top of that, then the rest of the mirepoix. Seal, and bake about twenty minutes in hot oven (cooking time depends on the thickness of the steak). Serve hot as it is, or with lemon or catchup. Serve cold with vinaigrette.

Remarks:

All thick fish steaks—swordfish, halibut, channel bass, drum steaks—can be cooked with mirepoix.

Mirepoix dishes can be prepared ahead of time, sealed in foil, and refrigerated prior to baking.

A shallow baking dish with tight fitting lid can replace foil.

Always go easy on celery, as the flavour is very strong.

Fresh tuna steak mirepoix comes out very much like veal. This will explain better than any recipe book can why cold veal is sometimes marinated with a vinaigrette made of canned tuna fish oil, mustard, fresh seasoning herbs, and capers—the *vitello tonnato* of Italy.

Canned Tomatoes. On the whole I am opposed to instant, or second-hand flavouring in the form of canned prepared tomato sauce. It took a girl I know years to realize that the tomato sauce her mother had recommended to her worked out well enough, except that it made everything she cooked taste the same. Goulash, meat loaves, chicken fricassee—all came out like sauce X.

To keep the individual flavour of a dish that calls for tomatoes, what kind would be best? The variety is bewildering, even leaving out the prepared sauces: canned tomatoes boiled in water and salt, tomatoes packed in tomato juice, plain or concentrated

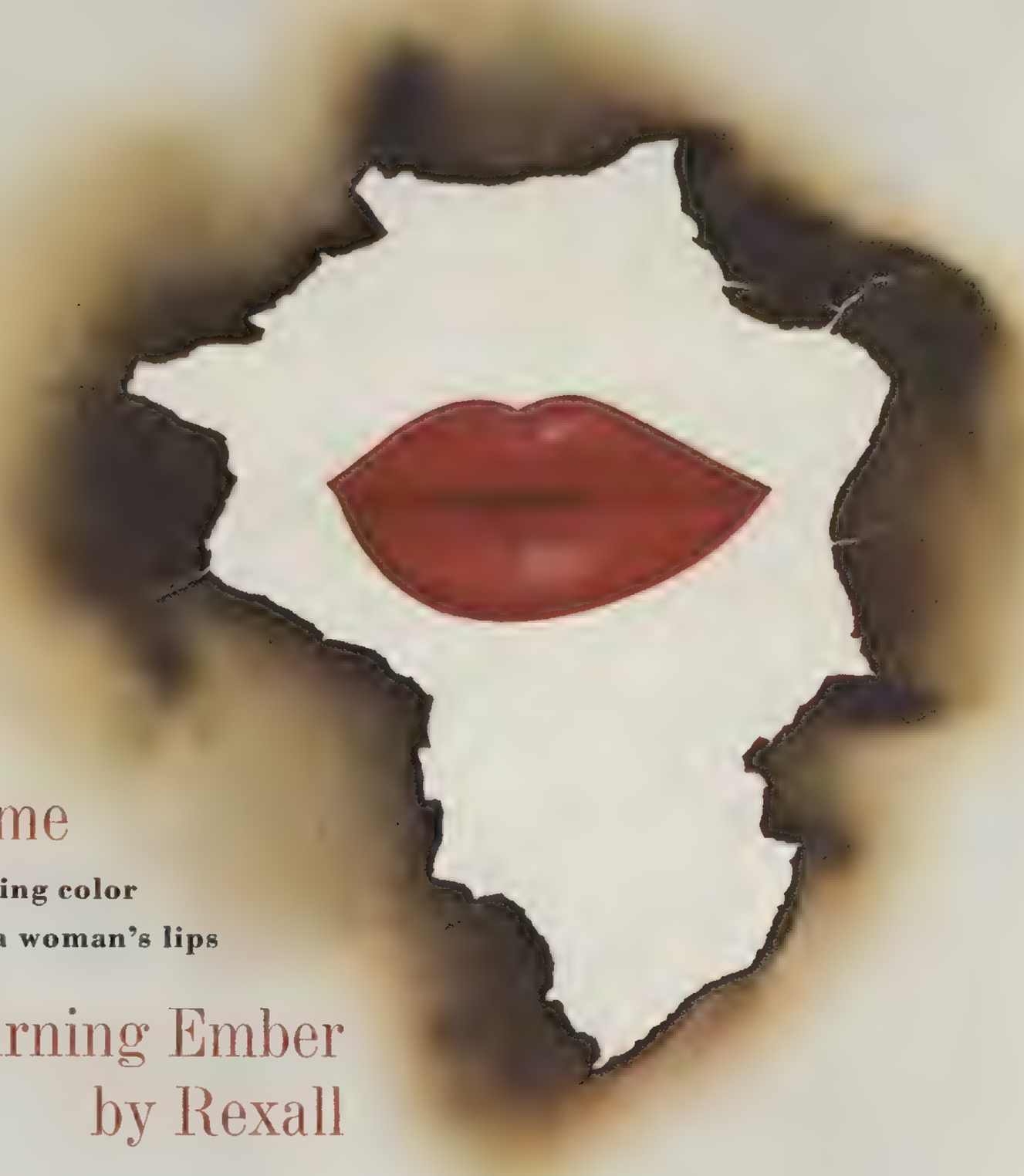
(Continued on page 120)



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Last July in an article, "12 People for Dinner: 24 Hours Notice,"
Vogue published, as part of the party description, a menu by Mrs. Philip Geyelin.
For weeks both Mrs. Geyelin and Vogue's editors answered many letters asking for the menu recipes.
Here are three; the veal and sour cream in casserole, Mrs. Geyelin learned from her mother;
like the creamy mousse and the spinach balls, it is delicious.

VEAL AND SOUR CREAM CASSEROLE

4 large veal cutlets
2 pounds mushrooms
2 pounds rice
2 to 3 pints sour cream
Butter
Salt, pepper, paprika, water cress

Cut veal into cubes, removing fat. Sauté in butter. Peel and cut mushrooms, wash. Sauté in butter in separate frying pan. Do not make too limp. Drain excess liquid. Mix with veal and one pint sour cream. Put in oven for thirty minutes. Add one to two pints sour cream last ten minutes before serving, according to desired liquidity. Cook rice. Arrange on platter around veal casserole, garnishing with paprika and water cress.

SPINACH BALLS

8 packages frozen spinach
1 pound *ricotta* cheese
6 tablespoons grated Parmesan
½-¾ pound butter
Salt, pepper

Cook spinach after flavouring with salt and pepper to taste. Drain. Wrap spinach in cloth and drain again so that spinach has no more liquid. Roll into tennis ball size in effort to squeeze out any excess liquid. Mix in *ricotta* and Parmesan by kneading with hands. Make mixture into ping-pong-size balls. Arrange in large frying pan side by side. (Butter has already melted in pan.) Cook over low flame. Baste the balls with butter until thoroughly hot and ready to serve.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE WITH LADYFINGERS

1 package Baker's semi-sweet chocolate
1 dozen eggs
1½ pints whipping cream
1 tablespoon vanilla
4 packages ladyfingers
3 fresh flowers

Melt chocolate in one to two tablespoons water in pan, stirring to prevent scorching. Remove from fire to cool place. Beat yolks separately. Beat whites separately in large bowl.

When chocolate has cooled but is still stirrable, stir in beaten yolks briskly with whisk. Make sure that though egg whites are stiff there is no liquid at bottom. If there is, pour it out before folding into chocolate and egg yolks.

Line bottom of soufflé bowl or large shallow dish with half the ladyfingers. Pour on chocolate mousse. Put in icebox until jelled (three to four hours). Remove from icebox. Decorate sides of bowl with remaining ladyfingers. Pour whipped cream flavoured with vanilla over all. Just before serving, put flowers (perhaps anemones with a leaf) in the centre.



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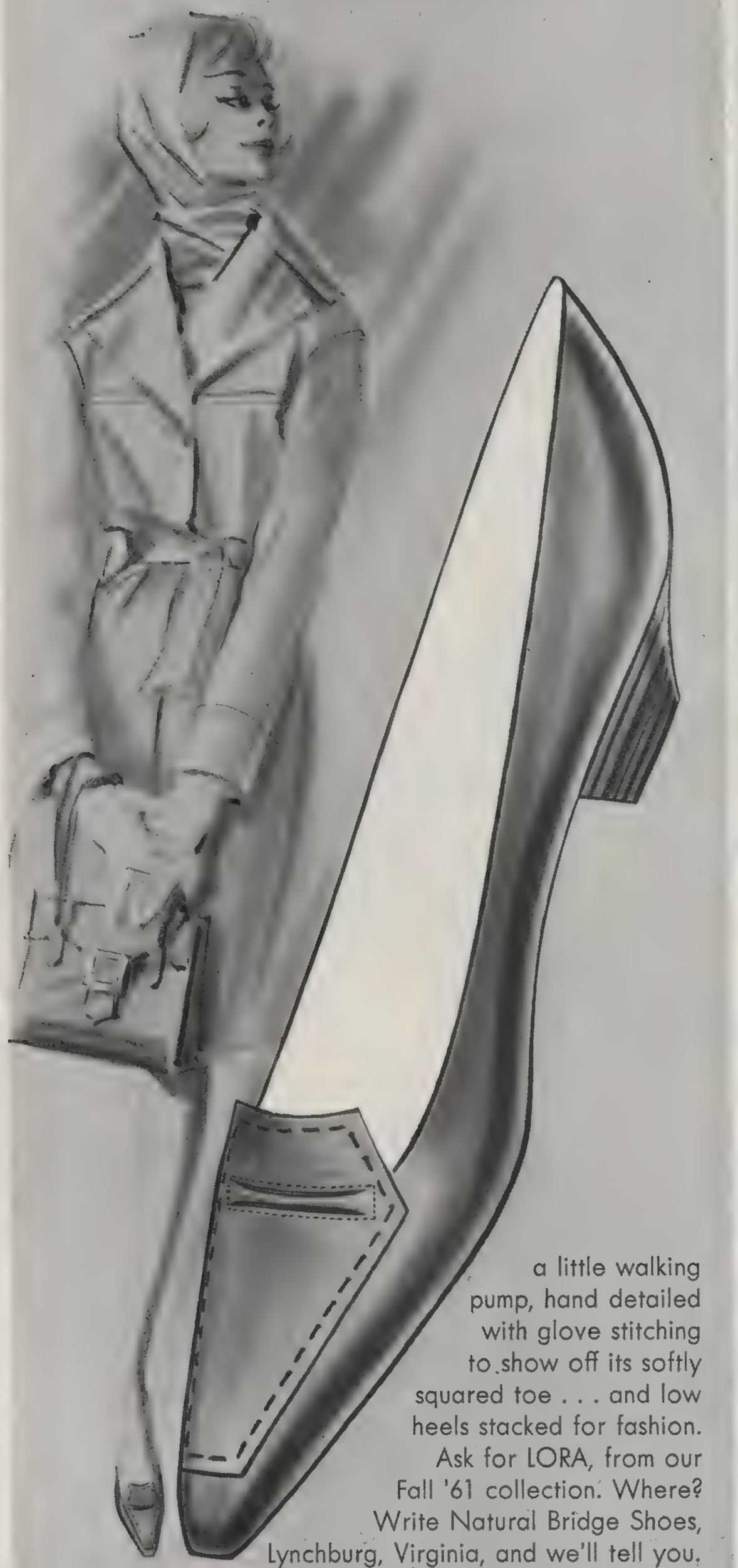




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KEYS TO COOKING SUCCESS

(Continued from page 110)

juice, tomatoes in tomato paste, or tomato paste. Foreign cookbooks use fresh tomatoes or concentrated paste. Paste is Europe's answer to the need for tomato flavour when tomatoes aren't in season. Here, fresh tomatoes can be financially ruinous, and starting all recipes from tomato paste absurd, when so many types of cans are available.

It would surprise nobody to learn that we use more tomatoes in one day than Europe does in a year. What does surprise is how little information is given on the labels of canned tomato products. Fancy packed brands may suggest a recipe for a sauce that takes an hour to cook, while an eight-ounce can of paste that bears no recipe makes the same amount of sauce in thirty minutes flat. Just to clear the way a little, here are some information and suggestions:

Tomato paste. Tomato paste has an acrid, bitter after-taste that permeates all foods. Many people eat it this way and object to it; others blame it on faulty canning and do without. Canning is not at fault. The taste is there as soon as the fruit is thickened into a paste, before it is bottled or canned, even while it dries in ribbon-like strips in the September sun throughout the Sicilian countryside. This acidity, however, can be eliminated in minutes through frying or baking. Italians and Spaniards prefer to fry it out in oil and garlic (pizza sauce) or onions and pimientos, while the French tend to bake it out as in *cassoulet.*

Plain boiled tomatoes. Canned, these have just the right amount of liquid for stews, and are ideal for soups and to cook dried legumes, peas, beans, et cetera. The natural sharpness of boiled tomatoes makes the use of lemon, vinegar, or wine unnecessary.

Tomatoes packed in juice or paste. Condensed as they are, these do wonders for fancy fish and meat recipes. Excellent for *ratatouille* recipes, for those summer vegetables—squash, eggplant, or mushrooms—that contain a lot of liquid. Good also for elaborate sauces, and indispensable for *gazpachos.*

Tomato juice. This is often all that is needed to moisten meat loaf, *moussaka,* and all manner of rice dishes baked or simmered in casseroles. Use also to colour aspics, moulds, jellies, or Madrilènes.

Spanish-style tomato sauce. Simple canned tomato products have one great advantage over prepared sauces: not noticeably seasoned, they can be adapted to any recipe that requires tomatoes (note that basil, however, doesn't alter the taste of tomatoes). But there is one exception among prepared sauces: the kind known as Spanish-style tomato sauce.

This comes with pimientos and onions, and is irreplaceable for all Spanish, Creole, Austro-Hungarian, and South American cooking where green and red peppers are used. Given a can of Spanish sauce, oil, paprika, and saffron, anybody can cook her way back to the time when Philip II was emperor of such scattered places as Austria, Hispaniola, and Tierra del Fuego. But this sauce par excellence for Spanish cuisine would wreck any French or Italian recipe that uses tomatoes, because those countries have definite seasoning rules of their own.

Now, to illustrate this brief tomato exposé, we could start with a key combination of foods: canned onions, canned boiled tomatoes, frozen peas, and parsley. No matter how inexperienced, incompetent, or accident prone one is, a meal with these ingredients can not possibly be loused up.

PEA, TOMATO, AND ONION STEW

Cooks in 30 minutes
Serves 6 to 8

2 10-ounce bricks frozen peas
or 2 pounds shelled fresh peas
1 pound can boiled onions
1 pound can boiled tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt, salt substitute, or no salt; pepper to taste
1 tbs. of fresh chopped parsley or ½ teaspoon of dried
Pinch of thyme (optional)

Put the peas (frozen or fresh) in a pan, skillet, or casserole with the tomatoes and the liquid of canned onions. Add salt, pepper, and thyme, if used. Cover, bring to a boil, and simmer gently—twenty minutes if frozen peas are used, a little longer for fresh peas.

(Continued on page 122)



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KEYS TO COOKING SUCCESS

(Continued from page 120)

Stir the stew with a spoon, adjust seasoning, add the parsley, place onions on top to warm up, and finish cooking until the peas are tender.

Remarks:

The amount of liquid from the tomato and onion cans is just enough to cover and cook two packets or two pounds of peas.

To keep peas green, cook without lid on pot (this will take a little longer to cook).

A vegetable stew can hardly be made with less work or fewer ingredients. These three items —tomatoes, onions, and peas— with a touch of parsley become an elaborate dish that seems to have been simmered for hours in herbs and condiments. It requires no butter and yet fat is not missed. No meat is used and yet it might have steamed in chicken stock. It can be enriched with fat or seasoned with more herbs—a teaspoon of paprika stirred in when the onions are, or a tablespoon of fresh chopped basil added just before serving—but none of these improvements will basically modify the happy combination of tomatoes, onions, peas, and parsley.

This stew can also be eaten cold; because it is cooked without fat, the sauce looks glazed when cooled. Leftover vegetable stew makes marvellous soup. Save a few tablespoons of peas for soup garnish. Run vegetables and gravy through food mill or blender. Add two cups of water or stock for each cup of mashed vegetables. Heat, adjust for pepper and salt, and garnish with peas. Serve hot or chilled, as it is or with sour cream, topped with chopped chives or dill.

Keeping the same combination of tomatoes, onions, and peas, let's see what can be done with meat:

VEAL WITH TOMATOES, ONIONS, AND PEAS

Prepared in a few minutes. Cooks in 1 hour

Serves 6 to 8

2 pounds of veal cut up for stew in 1″ x 2″ pieces, and 1 gravy bone if possible
2 tablespoons of oil
1 pound can tomatoes
1 pound can boiled onions
2 bricks frozen peas
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Pinch of thyme (optional)
1 tablespoon fresh chopped parsley or 1 teaspoon dried

Heat up oil in casserole, Dutch oven, or thick pot. Put the meat in. As it whitens, turn pieces over with fork to blanch evenly on all sides—some three minutes (do not fry brown). Add the tomatoes, the juice of canned onions, gravy bone, salt, and pepper. Bring to a boil, cover with lid and boil slowly for thirty minutes. Stir, put in frozen peas, and cook twenty minutes. Place onions on top of the stew to warm up a few minutes before serving. Discard gravy bone, add the parsley, and adjust for salt and pepper.

Remarks:

As flour is not used here to thicken the sauce, the meat can cook in the pot it fried or blanched in, without danger of its sticking to the pot. Stewed tomatoes have a tart, somewhat sharp taste that makes the use of lemon, vinegar, or wine generally used in veal unnecessary.

For lamb stew, follow the veal recipe except for this: instead of blanching the meat, fry it a little longer until light brown, about six minutes. Lamb stew comes with bones, and therefore needs no extra gravy bone. Lamb takes a little longer to cook: one hour and fifteen minutes.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE

Same cooking time as veal stew (1 hour)

Serves 4 to 6

1 2½- to 3-pound roasting chicken, cut up in serving size pieces

Fry chicken a light brown colour and follow the same recipe as for veal, with the same ingredients and proportions. If the tomato and onion juice do not cover the chicken, add enough water to cover. If a thicker gravy is wanted, finish cooking without lid from time the frozen peas are put in to cook.

Remarks:

This dish can be partly prepared and cooked ahead of time. In this case, prepare and cook twenty minutes. Thirty minutes before serving, heat up the casserole, add frozen peas. Cook until tender, add onions and parsley ten minutes before serving.

When a dish is partly precooked, it continues to cook as it cools, so that the total cooking time is shorter.

FISH WITH TOMATOES, ONIONS, AND PEAS

Prepared and cooked in 30 minutes

Serves 4

In Italy, Provence, and Spain, mackerel is most often used for this dish. As mackerel is a rather oily fish, it might be best to use cod, hake, or any white fish steak. Swordfish is also very good.

4 fish steaks
Enough flour to dust fish with
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 10-ounce pack frozen peas
1 8-ounce can tomato juice (or Spanish-style tomato sauce, with a pinch of saffron added)
1 8-ounce can boiled onions
1 bay leaf, 1 garlic clove, 1 pinch of thyme, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
Salt and pepper

If possible use a large skillet so the whole dish can be done in one pot. Salt and pepper the fish steaks, then dust with flour. Heat oil in skillet and quickly sear fish on both sides, not to cook it, just enough to colour it light brown. Remove fish onto a plate. Put peas in skillet with tomato juice and juice from canned onions, bay leaf, garlic clove, and thyme. Cover with lid and cook until peas are thawed (ten minutes); put the fish back in the pan among the vegetables, rectify seasoning, place onions on top of fish stew to warm up. Cover with lid and finish cooking.


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HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE "Fleur de Lace" inner glow to tone with orange rusts or scarlet, blend with copper, mix with green. Lycra® bra 5.00, garter belt 3.95. Munsingwear petticoat 5.95



A PRESENT OF DIGNITY

BY ROBERT PAUL SMITH

It seems odd that the man I remember this clearly is someone I met only once, who spoke a language I did not know so that we exchanged only a very few words, a man whose name I do not even know.

It seems an eon ago. In 1940, I worked in an advertising agency by day, and was trying to write my first novel at night. I resented thoroughly giving the best part of my energy to a job that seemed ridiculous to me, and coming to what I thought was my true work with only the slightest remnant of energy, but I was younger then, and it never occurred to me that a man could make a living out of writing what he wanted to. (I'm still not sure.) I had recently been married, and we had discovered that two could not live as cheaply as one.

It was evident then that war was coming, and my wife and I concluded that if we were ever going to do what we wanted to, it had better be done quickly while we were still around to do it. I quit my job at the advertising agency against the advice of everyone, and closed out my bank account, which hardly left the bank



flare red

MUNSINGWEAR "Matchmaker" flame to match reds from bright to cardinal, mix with navy, gold, brown, grey, black. Petti-pants 3.00. Hollywood Vassarette nylon bra 3.95, and pantie girdle 7.95

in serious financial imbalance.

We bought an automobile, and set out to see all our scattered friends who would likely go to war and come back or not. In New Orleans we found out about a banana boat that would take us and our car to Veracruz for not much money.

We went.

I fell in love with Mexico the very first day, when we landed in the wild and woolly port of Veracruz. I remember that we left the boat and walked across a square to the hotel.

This seemed eminently right to me, that you could walk from the ship to the hotel, and in some mysterious way, I knew without asking anyone that this path crossed the square, that the hotel was just across the street. It was a complete *déjà vu*. I knew where everything was in this town, although I had never been there before.

After a while we got to Mexico City.

My wife was a painter then, and as soon as we could, we got in the car and drove to a place we had passed on our way in, where the red mountains made a landscape that was unpaintable, but demanded to be painted.

We pulled the car off the road, and walked along the flat land for a while. My wife set up her easel, and I went for a walk. Perhaps half a mile from where I had left her, I came across one of the tiny corn patches that is a Mexican farm. It was no larger than a backyard garden at home, and I don't suppose there were more than four rows of corn, ragged and stunted.

Hoeing a row with a bent stick was an Indian, dressed in white shirt and pants, blinking in the hot sun. His face was copper colour, and he wore a straw sombrero.

As I came across the field, he straightened and stood quite still. I can see now that I was an apparition. I was not Indian, I came walking out of nowhere, I was as unexpected in that landscape as I would have been on the moon.

I said, "Hola! qué tal?" Hello, how goes it?

And he said, "Regular." As usual.

Half a mile in that sun is a long time for a man who'd spent as many hours as I had in a chair in an office.

I squatted down and mopped my neck and face, and then I reached in my pocket for my cigarettes.

I offered him one, and he hunkered down too and we sat there smoking, the fumes rising straight up, not a whisper of wind to distract them.

My Spanish was pitiful, but I managed to say that Mexico was a beautiful country.

"Yes," he said, "very beautiful but very poor."

Squatting there we were on a level with the corn: this is not the tall corn of the Western plains, where you walk as through tunnels.

This was stunted and burned, the green almost lost in the yellowing husk, and my guess would be that it ran perhaps two ears to the plant.

"Very hot," I said, and he agreed.

"Very dry," I said, and he agreed again.

There was his adobe hut perhaps fifty feet away, and in the doorway one of those solemn Mexican children, with black eyes as big as saucers.

"Mi hijo," he said. My son.

"Qué guapo," I said. How handsome. And he agreed.

The cigarettes were done, and he had work to do. I got to my feet and said goodbye, and just before I turned to go, I offered him another cigarette.

He took it, tucked it away carefully in his pocket and thanked me.

I walked across the field, and in a moment or two I heard footsteps behind me.

"Señor," a voice said.

It was the Indian, and in his hand one of those poor pitiful stunted ears of corn.

He gave it to me and I thanked him, and he turned back. It needed no words. I had given him a cigarette, which was apparently all I had to give. He gave me the ear of corn, which was truly all he had to give.

I had never, and have never again, so clearly encountered the dignity of man.

MUNSINGWEAR "Point de Brussels" tawny tone to match all golden browns, blend with camel, mix with blues, gold, rust, grey. Slip 17.95. Hollywood Vassarette Lycra® bra 7.50, panty 16.50.

tortoise shell





pink spark

MUNSINGWEAR "Fleur de Lace" spark for winter darks—navy, brown, raisin, blackened forest green, black, even off-white. Flare slip 8.95. Hollywood Vassarette Lycra® bra 5.00, and girdle 10.95

HOW TO FIGHT FRIGHT— AND LOSE

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Throw a stone these days and you can not help but hit someone who has written a book or an article on how to relax. When I pick up such a manual I know I shall be told to count to ten before I do anything rash, to resist answering the telephone the first time it rings, and to sit and meditate.

I shall be told I can drift off easily to blessed sleep by concentrating on lovely things at bedtime and that I can be rid of my resentments by loving everybody copiously.

Unhappily, advice on how to relax and be serene is consistently offered by persons who are quite placid and have never known the terror of jumping a foot when the telephone rings; or of having a colonic spasm when the mailman whistles or of breaking out into hives when a police officer comes to take the census.

If they only suffered the way we normal people do they would understand that, for example, the last thing we can do is resist the telephone when it rings. It may be ringing our doom but we race for it nonetheless. Yes, these advisors would comprehend that we jumpy ones simply are unable to count to ten before we strike. We can not even visualize counting to ten at that moment. We are too busy striking. As for meditation, it is beyond us. Even were we to get ourselves into Yoga postures we would itch and ache and hear someone downstairs when no one is supposed to be home. "Lovely, lasting peace of mind . . ." is not ours no matter how we contort.

My conclusion is that authorities on serenity and peace of mind must be writing for each other. They are doing me no good whatever. And yet I read each new revelation avidly, hoping to find some hint as to how I, too, can become calm and unruffled.

With all my heart I dream of the day when I can drop a letter in the mailbox and not worry all night as to whether I put it in the wrong envelope and it will turn out in the morning I have told the telephone company how much I love it. I yearn for the blessed hour when I can hear an ambulance siren and not sit alert for an hour waiting to have a hospital report my wife has lost a skirmish with an oak tree. I pray for the day when a dog barking playfully at my heels does not set me calculating the possibilities of his being rabid and ready to bite.

I look forward to the time when I can have a common cold and not dwell on the possibility of it being some dread Oriental disease; when I take a curve in an automobile and not wonder what would happen if the wheels locked; and when I can mail my income tax return and not dream for six nights running that I am serving five years.

Oh, I do not mean I never manage to take the edge off my phobias. There have been nights when, abetted by cognac and warm milk taken with tranquillizers and loquacious prayers, I have found all my petty fears have disappeared.

Unhappily, in their place come trooping much more imposing terrors: the hydrogen bomb, world-wide inflation, a global epidemic of a new disease, an invasion from Outer Space, plus earthquake, famine, fire, and flood.

(Continued on page 127)

MUNSINGWEAR "Matchmaker" glowing beige to tone with copper, rust, burnt orange; blend with brick, spice brown; mix with green, grey. Slip 5.95. Hollywood Vassarette bra 3.95, girdle 7.95

pale sienna





mauve mist

HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE "Fleur de Lace" delicate tint to blend with fuchsia, tone to all pinks, mix with grey, winter navy. Lycra® bra 5.00, long-leg pantie 10.95. Munsingwear nylon "Delicato" slip 8.95

Once I thought I had a method of reassuring myself by calculating how remote were the possibilities of major accidents to me and my loved ones. I discovered, for example, that the odds of being struck by lightning in New England are around one in a million. Somewhat disillusioning was the fact that lightning struck the tree under which I was standing when I made my statistical discovery. It was brought home to me that the odds have no relevance after the damage has been done. It is no good to tell you in the hospital how remote your chances were of being struck by a champagne bottle dropped from an airliner.

As a matter of fact we jittery ones never believe that we are going to get merely our just proportion of confusion and pain. We know in our hearts we are going to be in the top tenth of the class when the agony is passed out. We have long ago noted that when anyone on our block slams a car door on his finger, it is inevitably us. Our wives are always the ones who fall off stepladders and our children are the ones who come home with measles.

Possibly I could manage to go through life always looking over my shoulder to see if something was catching up to me, were it not for the fact that my attitude is contagious. I am always upsetting my wife with simple questions such as, "Do you smell smoke?" "Do you hear Something downstairs?" and, "Was that a shot in the back yard?"

I went over the whole thing with a psychiatrist once and when I was done he said calmly, "The whole thing is very simple. For relaxed people there are mountains and molehills. For you there are only mountains."

He urged me to distinguish between mountains and molehills. I tried. But I discovered that everything I took to be a molehill was, on close inspection, something bearing all the possibilities of rapidly becoming a mountain, and a volcanic one at that.

My latest, and possibly my last attempt to acquire poise and confidence, to be "at home in the world," was brought about by reading a new volume on acquiring peace of mind. This book suggested that when stress appeared, I furnish a little "room in my soul" and take refuge there when the going got tough. I was to furnish this room of my imagination with the most comforting furniture, the loveliest of paintings, and an excellent supply of old brandy and leather-bound books. Here, in this apartment of peace I was to stay until the storms passed.

I furnished this room with love. No one was more careful in his selection of wallpaper and woodwork and furniture. No one chose more precisely the best of the Pollocks and Picassos and Mirós, the finest of the Moores and the Maillols. As a matter of fact, or rather, as a matter of figment, I had Frank Lloyd Wright's ghost design the whole thing and it was both beautiful and functional. Outside the great, slanted window delphinium and geranium bloomed. Undreamed of birds sang unheard of songs. The lapping of a brook was heard and beyond that a Japanese sand and rock garden took form. I even made a Zen poem or two:

The plum blossom dances,
Butterflies stop.
Peace.

Of course, you can guess what happened. No sooner did I get comfortably set in the room of my soul when a man came for the rent. The geraniums got black rot. The birds turned into crows. Odd animals of curious shapes began roaming around in back of me. There were moanings inside the walls. Every book I opened contained a story of crossroads. burials, and melancholy love. I began to smell smoke. I heard Something in the closets.

It was no use. The room I furnished in my soul was even worse than the one in which I lived in reality for there is, after all, a limit to the terrors of reality, but there is no limit to the imagination.

I moved out, a chastened man. I was even the worse for the experience because it reminded me that even when my earthly troubles are done, I shall undoubtedly run into all sorts of trouble in paradise to which, presumably, my nervous soul will be one day transported, provided the system does not break down.

Jean Paul Richter once said, "As a man grows older it is harder and harder to frighten him."

I wait, nervously.

HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE French-inspired floral, to complement fuchsia, turquoise, orange-reds, deep blues, black. Lycra® bra 5.00, girdle 8.95. Munsingwear Antron®-nylon "Demi-tasse" slip 8.95

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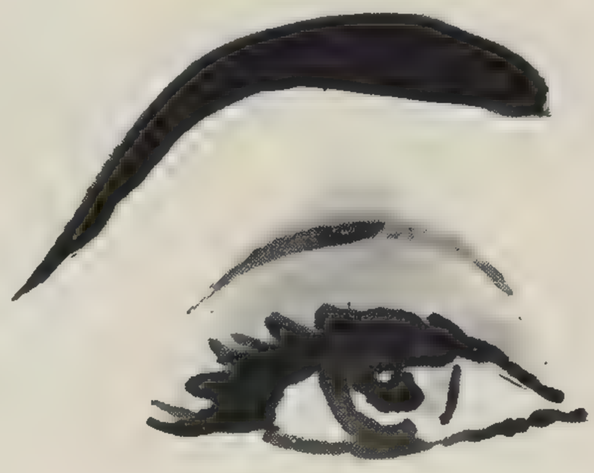
The case for the three-cornered shadow

The newest angle on eye make-up: the triangle. Shadowed in with a flaring outward tilt, it draws out the eyes for a wide-set look. An isosceles triangle—based on the lash-line—is an effective eye-opener. An inward tilt has wider scope for colour, more intense shadowing



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—but it's not for women with close-together eyes. Also making make-up news now: Maybelline's new pressed-powder eye shadow and soft eyeliner pencil. The advantages of the powdered shadow: good staying power, soft colours, and it's not apt to settle darkly into the lines of the



A soft cone of shadow opens eyes.

lid. It can be smoothed on with a puff of cotton or with a finger tip; in five clear, soft shades—including an especially pretty blued pearl-grey—each housed in a compact the size of a silver dollar. The pencil works like an automatic lead pencil, but the "lead" in this case is a slim



Inward tilts for intensity

DIANA NORMAN

shaft of colour. Not hard or sharp, it's blissfully non-gouge—but it's thin enough to draw a fine line, as an eyeliner or for feathery filling-out of brows. The pencil—neat, gilt, in a roster of six shades—is refillable.


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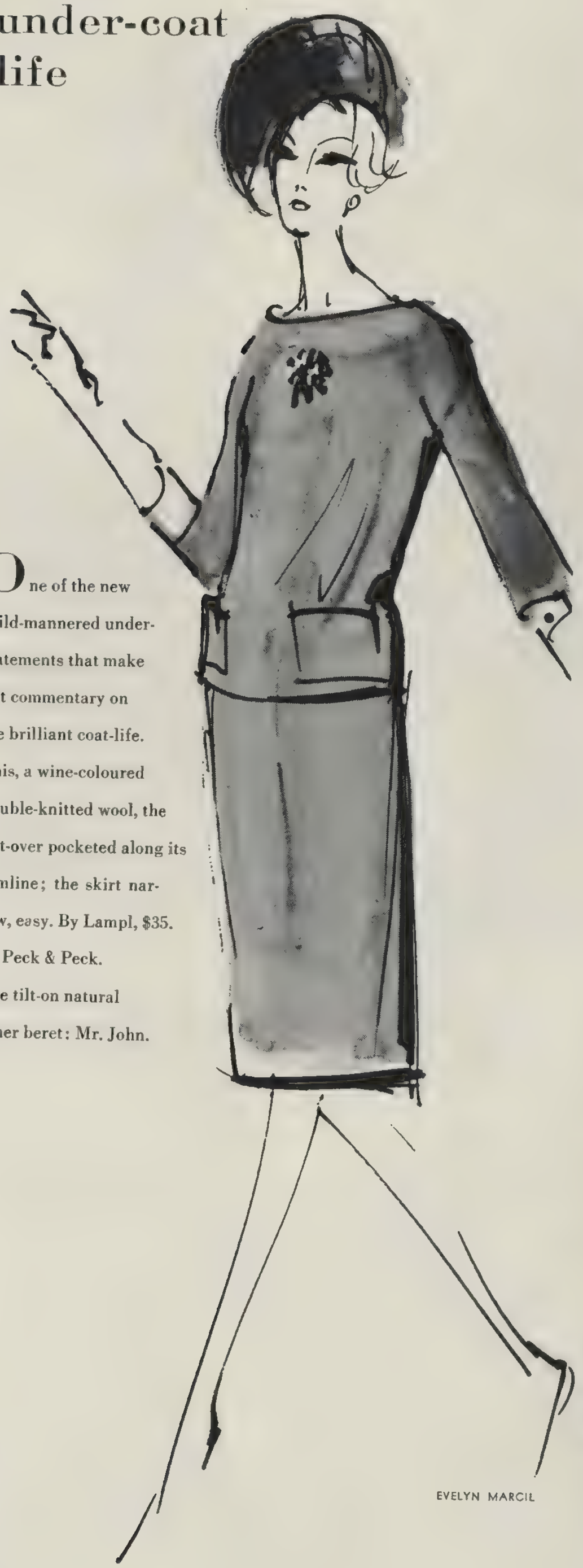
The "Queen's" kitchen is completely equipped with deluxe appliances, including the In-Sink-Erator Saturn garbage disposer. Just off the kitchen is a spacious family room with breakfast bar.



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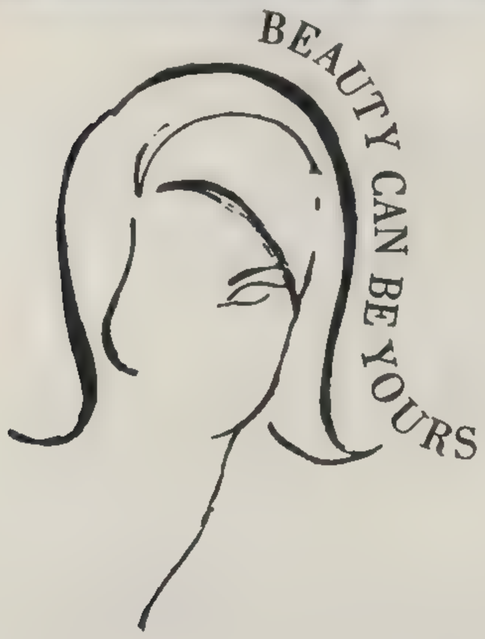


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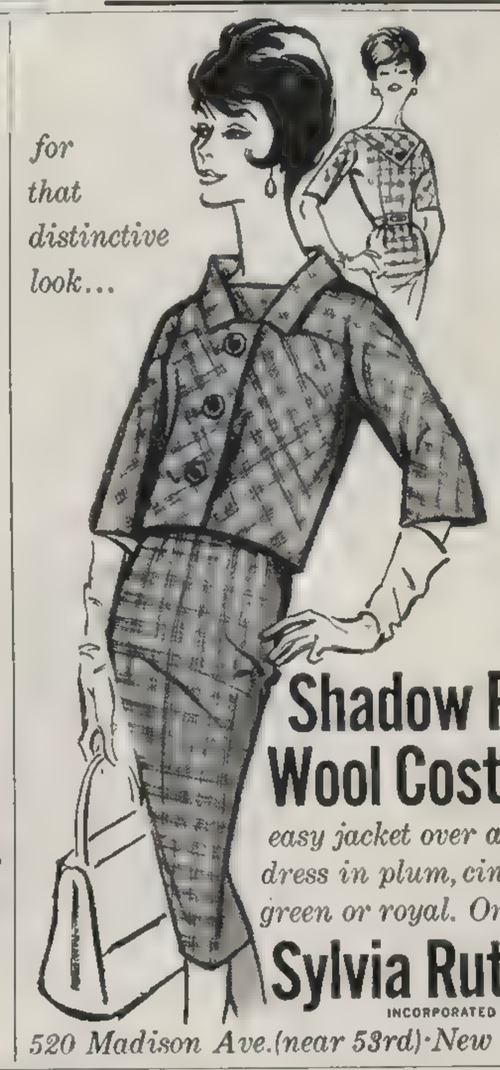


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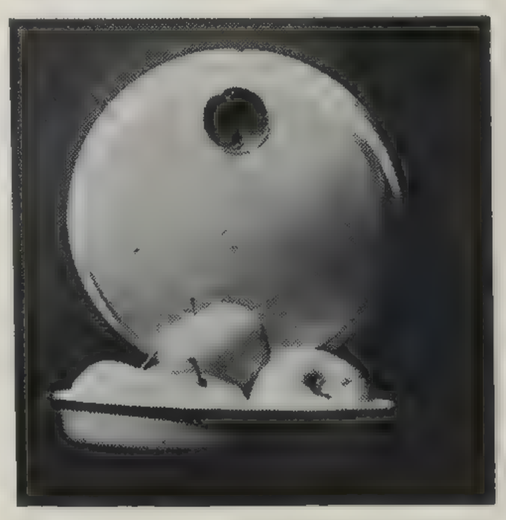
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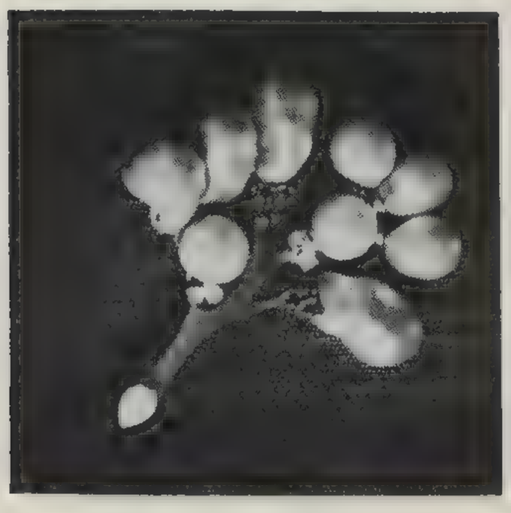
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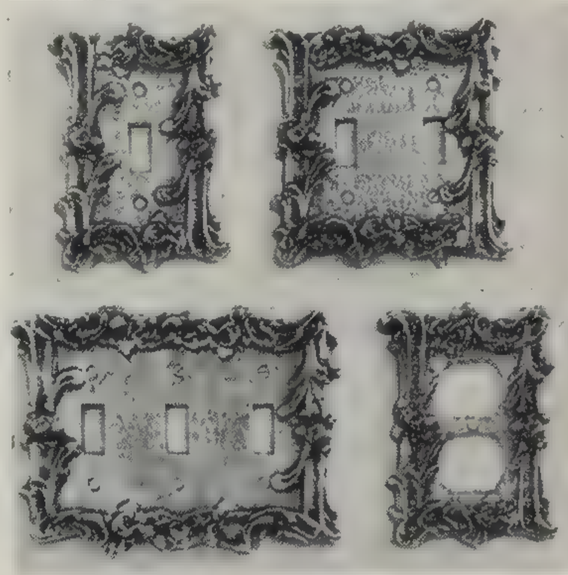
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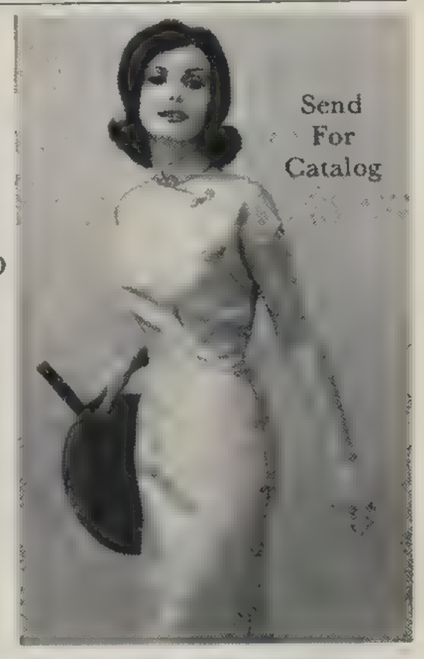
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VOGUE
SEPTEMBER 15, 1961

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF A WOMAN WITH A SENSE OF DIRECTION

Some women just haven't got it. Give them anything from a map to a can of soup with directions on the label, and they proceed from A to B by way of Q or Z. Lovable? Well, maybe. But when it comes to fashion, it's a powerful waste of time. And the woman we have in mind—she's waiting in the wings below, incidentally—preserves enough other quirks to go on being pretty generally admired. (She was once known, for instance, to give the children broiled mushrooms when she forgot to buy green and yellow vegetables, and they thought it was bliss.) But at some point along the way—perhaps about the time she realized it wasn't amusing to spend her clothes money haphazardly—she began to plan, plan, plan. A look—not a series of isolated enthusiasms—became her aim. And that's why she's here, right now, in a new shape of suit that she'll wear for the next seven or eight months, revive with pleasure next autumn.



Ricci suit with a new idea of ease—a clean little run of fullness across the back of the skirt. The jacket's closer than last year's; the sleeves narrow. Original in brown-and-black wool tweed; at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

PENN

What clothes can't do...

No matter what you start with—too many angles, too many curves, mantrapping face, or just happy-mediocre everything—clothes on their own can't make up the difference between you and chic. Heart won't do it all either, because fashion is ruled by the head. And we mean this in the most literal way. On the right, for instance, is a fabulous face seen above the full charm of fur and glitter. It's all there, recorded by that non-lying machine, the camera. And it couldn't have happened, it wouldn't have worked without a coiffure with line. . . . Question: Is this news? Yes, it is; and no—to many women, it's elementary; we've said it before, ourselves, as recently as several months ago ("Know that you can never be smarter than your coiffure"). So much for the old stuff. The news is this—heads of hair are in for a big change. It's been stirring in the salon wind here, and the new Paris interest in heads (see the cover of this issue) has filled a good many of them with new ideas. Here, and on the next two pages are three of the ways hair looks newest—two of them, sideswept; one with the tilt of a side-part.

Right: **Hair brushed softly away from the forehead and one ear, pulled to the back (where it's invisibly anchored), with a few half-curls swung far out in the other direction. Flat to the head? Not on your life, but there's a minimum of pouf, no exaggerated bouffance. Designed in Paris by Guillaume for Vogue's mannequin.**

PENN



...What hairdressing can do



Sculpture, line, geometry, shape, proportion—whether you take your word from mathematics or from freehand drawing, the point (no metaphor intended here) is the same. Correctly designed cutting and combing—even more than setting—establishes a head shape that makes not just the face but the full line of the body look its best, do its best for clothes. A tall woman with a tendency to physical pinheadedness, for instance, can do with more pouf, can actually be helped by it as long as her hairdresser stays within the bounds of fashion. Which means, right now, achieving the effect—if not the actuality—of a smallish, impeccable head. Except for extremely small heads, this means much less elaborate teasing, usually less hair, hair that's all one length. Then, too, there's a new word or at any rate a new rage that's running barefoot through hair now—so far it's asymmetry, but we have a feeling it's on its way to something more conversational; say, one-sidedness, or side-tilted, in the manner of the hats that helped to launch the idea. *Left:* Hair parted low on the side, smoothed cleanly over the crown of head, frilled into half-curls at ear-level—hattable or not. Designed in Paris by Thierry, who usually holds forth at the Helena Rubinstein salon in New York. *Right:* An S-curve, with all the hair swiped to the left—informed brushing, mild anchorage that's concealed by combing, and a touch of spray are essential to this look. Designed by Guillaume in Paris for Vogue's model, Monique.

PENN





Ten quick ways to use the fashion news



Zinnia news, life-size. A new orangy-red; petals are enamelled gilt. Trifari pin; about $10 plus tax. Altman's; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres.

Before grappling with usage, one word: the most satisfactory way to get in close touch with present fashion is to have its general outline in sure focus, proper perspective. We don't suggest that you carry this information around, like a swatch of upholstery material, from shop to shop. But these facts, at least, belong at some easily accessible level of your clothes-consciousness: the fitted shape has arrived—but you'll still find plenty of smart unfitted or semi-fitted suits; hemlines are steady—which means, fairly short; clothes are disarmingly simple, even when they glitter like anything; long tight sleeves share honours with shorter, widish ones; the revival of black in the night couldn't be more delighting; and, day or night, a touch of fur is irresistible.

Now then, here's how to use the news in terms of a look.

1. Hats—the big three. Ready to name, shape by shape, three hats that you could live without—but won't if becomingness is high on your shopping list.

First, the side-tilted hat, happening now in felt, in velours, in tweed, and—at right—in ink-black velvet.

Second, the calot—sleek as sculpture, showing more than a margin of smooth hairline. Third, a fur hat—almost any shape of fur hat is for flattery, but the Tartar hats or the big, big berets are the newest.

2. One-sided hair. Quick way to pull a whole closetful of clothes into the present tense: wear them with a this-split-second coiffure—full to one side, round and unruffled over the crown, one ear open.

Three versions on the three preceding pages.

3. New jewelling—and where it goes. Two of the newest pieces of jewellery you could own: a pair of day-drop earrings—ballooned-up tear shapes in bogus coral, or jade, or gilt; or a lozenge of sapphire faking it with a pearl drop.

With dress-necklines that look stripped-to-the-bone simple, these necklaces: multi-stranded clusters of small beads—fake lapis, carnelian, tortoise, jet, gilt, or jade—that fall just to the collar bone; longer necklaces of one or two strands—the bead-size here should be a happy 10 mm. medium, the length 22 inches.

(What might come to roost in either kind of necklace is one of the chunky new pins that look rather like stemless autumn flowers—big, deep-petalled zinnias to pin, other times, high on the shoulder tip of an otherwise unjewelled dress.)

As for bracelets, they travel in pairs now, and not for safety—see for yourself the glitter-wrapped bangles next page. *(More, page 230.)*

The fur jacket that makes a suit-look, *left*

One of the dashiest new ways to wear fur—ocelot as the jacket part of a city suit-look.

Underneath—looking as though it belonged, is the point—is a plain black wool dress, quite narrow. The jacket, hip-long, is of South American ocelot (and if all-purpose seems to you a too floury description of it, just know that city, country, day, and evening are all grist to its mill). By Brady for Fantasia. Best & Co.; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. The hat listing with news—a tilted black velvet beret. By Toby Coppock.

KAREN RADKAI

Jewels to make fashion out of clothes

This page: On the upper hand—pair of bracelets with huge stones the colour of smoky topaz; gilt metal links. By Castlecliff; each, about $15*. De Pinna; Harzfeld's. Held up, a massive, stylized flower pin; jet-black centre, jet-sprinkled petals. By Miriam Haskell; about $35* at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Ring, swirls of textured gilt metal, paved with rhinestones. By Mimi di N.-Brania; $10* at Bergdorf Goodman. Lower hand: Held, a sunburst pin of gilded wire—the sun's centre, a mock pearl. By Bergère; $6* at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pair of bracelets, diagonally striped in textured gilt, pavé rhinestones. By Trifari; each, $25* at Lord & Taylor. Inset, pin like a peal of golden bells—of gilt metal, rhinestones; jade-green centre. By Scaasi; about $15* at Altman's; Harzfeld's.

Facing page: New jewelling worn—on this occasion—by a remarkable Japanese clay Haniwa figurine. From top: Three-strand necklace of glowing terra-cotta beads. By Hattie Carnegie; about $10* at Altman's. Single strand of gilt beads, rather like acorns; a 22" strand. By Monet; about $20*. Lord & Taylor. Small gilt fluted beads; four strands on you, more on the figurine. By Monet; about $10* at Lord & Taylor. Long necklace of gilt "popcorn" beads, black lozenge-y beads. By Brania; about $15* at Bonwit Teller. On the young woman's hand—a domed, swirled ring of pavé rhinestones, unreal sapphires. By Joseph Mazer; about $25* at Bonwit Teller. Jewellery also at I. Magnin. Haniwa figurine from Carlebach Gallery. Colour Plus nail enamel: Brick Fire by Lanolin Plus.

*PLUS TAX





More new jewelling

Facing page: New 1961 jewelling—festooned on a Japanese clay Haniwa horse's head (circa A. D. 500). Necklace, nuggets of unreal jade, twists of gilt metal. By Marvella Couture; about $30*. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin.
Ring (on horse's brow), a huge baroque mock pearl circled by topaz-y stones. By Castlecliff; about $12.50*. Bergdorf Goodman.
Day-drop earrings, of coral that never saw the sea; gilt metal twists. By Marvella Couture; about $10*. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin.
Big pin, a Maltese cross set with lapis-blue stones; gilt spokes. By Sandor Goldberger; about $18*. Lord & Taylor. Jewellery also at Neiman-Marcus.
This page: Directly left—long necklace of coal-black beads. By Kramer; about $5*. At Lord & Taylor.
Right, round and cubed beads of mock-tortoise shell. By De Mario; $8*. Bonwit Teller.
Worn, the day-drop earring—this, a baroque mock pearl robin's-egg-size drop. By Caro; $2*. Altman's.
Large pin—almost Order of the Garter size; gilt metal ruby-red stones. By Albert Weiss; $7.50*. Altman's.
Necklace, worn, a "nest"—i.e., fifteen strands—of jet-black beads. By Valjean; $2*. Bloomingdale's.
Long necklace (far right), of jet black and dull-red beads, gilt rondels. By Eisenberg; $10*. Henri Bendel. Coiffure by Carita, Americana Hotel.

*Prices

RAWLINGS



The coat that changes your fashion life



In now: a new coat administration, marking the end of the anonymous, well-meaning coat which, year after good-black-simple year, was considered the "safe" hide-out that provided everything with innocuous shelter. As of now, the only safe coat is the daring coat that compounds, magnificently, the fashion interest of a costume. Since a coat is what you arrive in, what you leave in, what you're seen passing by in, these encounters—perhaps brief—are entitled to extra fashion pungency which can make your coat-wearing hours just about the shiningest hours of the season. Dresses, on the other hand, tend now to play straight-man to the new coat excitement, showing up as bland companions with suave, impeccable shapes that offer no distraction to coats—only companionship, and a winter of content. Starting here, some of the best of this season's coats, with news in their shapes, colours, linings, manners. Also, bland dresses to blandish them—one at right: an overblouse and camisoled skirt of brown plaid worsted-and-rabbit-hair, with one brown button, a narrow brown leather sash. By Ben Barrack, of Forstmann fabric; about $90 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; L. S. Ayres. Extra spark for these pages: new jewellery tidbits—the one above, a gilt-and-stones thistle pin by Marcel Boucher; about $17.50 plus tax at Saks Fifth Avenue.

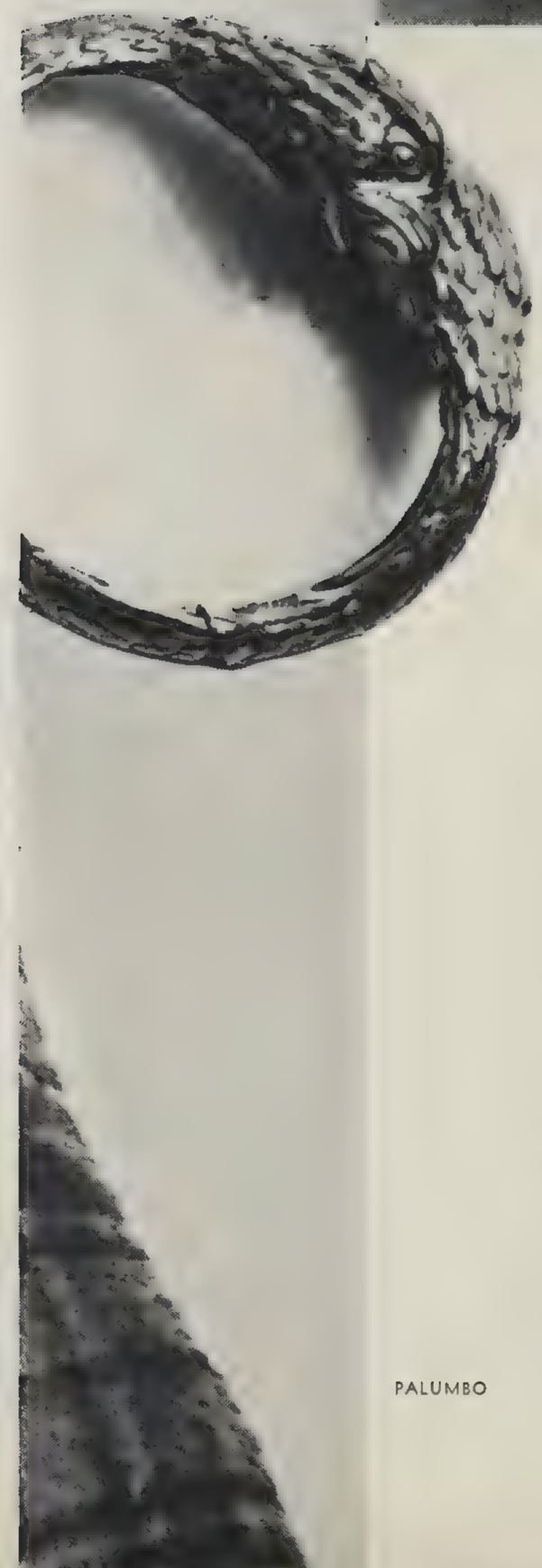
Fur, out-foxed by tweed, *left,* a devastating costume in which the coat plays the lead—taffy-taupe wool jersey with a tweed look, made with poncho lines, high-standing collar, a lining of fox the colour of candlelight. The dress, here, has a skirt of the same fabric, a side-tied top of lighter wool jersey. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan; lining of Fromm Golden Amber fox. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Blond make-up, Peppermill lipstick: Estée Lauder.

PALUMBO

E. Marcil







New coat identities...

Daring young coat, *left,* on safe fashion ground now for town, country, travel. Brushed wool-and-mohair in a big yellow plaid that slopes to fullness from narrow shoulders. By Zelinka-Matlick in Anglo fabric; about $130, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. **Fox-framed coat,** *above,* that might be bought on impulse, then loved calmly for years after. Beige brushed wool fleece with a collar of Fromm Golden Amber fox that reaches to the hem. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel. Beige and grey wool dress by Larry Aldrich; $160 at Lord & Taylor. Sally Victor hat. **Dress undercoating,** *right,* of black wool, drop-waisted. By Edith Small; about $145 at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel. Eagle-headed gilt bracelet, left, by Castlecliff; $12.50 plus tax, at Lord & Taylor.

PALUMBO





New coat identities...

Coat-spicing dress, *left,* of ginger-tea wool with black leather sash, hip pockets, semi-saucer buttons. By Adele Simpson; Or de Laine fabric; about $125. Altman's; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. Addable sparks: Above, a fluted gilt pin with green stone. By Brania; $15 plus tax at Bonwit Teller. Far left, day-drop earrings of fake coral and gilt. By Richelieu; $5 plus tax, at Altman's. **Bronze-cast coat,** *right,* that an easy dress could give the best years of its life to—bronze wool Melton cloth, straight to the hip pockets, flared below. By Seymour Fox, of Blin & Blin fabric; about $190. Nettie Rosenstein handbag. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Dayton's. Hat by Sally Victor. Lipstick: Creme of Apricots, by Du Barry.

E. Marcil





New coat identities...

Almost-fitted shape, *left,* with news in the colour, in the cut; it falls narrowly to the hips, then takes a definite slant to the hem. For town and travel, of wool tweed in cedar-brown and black. Coat, by Dan Millstein, of Strong, Hewat fabric; about $110. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Hudson's; Wm. H. Block; Roos-Atkins. Natural Russian sable shako by Sally Victor. Sleeve-meeting gloves (Kislav).

The scarfed coat, *right,* a young idea that started as a toss of college stripes, arrives here as fashion at the haute level for city day or grass roots. Tile-red wool tweed, straight and short-sleeved; the scarf, a lacy wool wrap-around in plaid of the same red and leaf green. By Monarch, of Anglo fabric; about $160. Castlecliff dome ring. Both at Lord & Taylor. Coat, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.; Famous-Barr. Lipstick colour for both coat-colours: Carousel Red, by Harriet Hubbard Ayer.







New coat identities...

Coat hemmed in fur, *above:* Black with black beaver, just short of dress length. More beaver at the edges. Inside a black wool skirt, black chiffon blouse. By Ben Zuckerman, of Anglo wool; Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's. Gilt and green earrings, by Laguna; $2 plus tax at Bergdorf Goodman.

Coat-thinking dress, *left:* A bland dress of beige knitted wool, sashed. By Pat Premo; about $70 at Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson.

Shape identity, *opposite:* Coat with a wonderful rounded shape, fullness stemming mostly from the back. By Jablow, of ginger-brown wool tweed; about $225; at Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's. Hat: Lilly Daché. Pin, right, by Accessocraft; $14 plus tax at Bergdorf Goodman.

PALUMBO



"They think I'm mad," said the Marquise

In New Hampshire, life on the Marquise's Holy Mountain

BY HERBERT KUBLY

The summer, like Bottom's dream, had no bottom. Was I alone in the New Hampshire woods? I was not always sure. I was there because a marquise had asked me one winter's afternoon in New York if I believed in fairies. My reply was that I hadn't thought on the matter since I was a child. "Since you are Anglo-Saxon I am not surprised," said the marquise. "Celts are more conversant with little folk. Come live on the Holy Mountain. You will begin to think of them again."

My benevolent sorceress was the Marquise Dedons de Pierrefeu who, despite her French title, is one of the last of New England's great individualists. Though she is the Dowager Marquise of the Provence town of Pierrefeu, she lives most of each year in a pink house in a rose garden in the New Hampshire village of Hancock. Five miles away is her "Holy Mountain"—nine hundred acres and a lake as primeval as the fifth day of creation, inhabited by all God's creatures but man. The Marquise calls cities "hells which man creates for himself"; her sanctuary "a place of peace to restore the spirit."

Now, many men boast of a desire for wooded solitude but few, even if they have the opportunity in our increasingly crowded earth, have the courage for it. My own courage was limited. As insurance against too much solitude I invited a few well-spaced guests before I left the city. "You will regret them," the Marquise said. "The unseen life is strong and you will not be lonely."

To live there I had to make a pact to destroy no life. Nailed to a tree at the entrance was a board painted with a line from the Book of Isaiah: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." It was not one mountain but a series of mountains and hills joined by a stream which flowed through the lake. Here and there little patches of meadow where once men had farmed were like a précis of New Hampshire history. "We've returned to the forest," the Marquise said, "back to the bears and the beavers. When the sheep stopped grazing—about the time of the Civil War—the deer came back."

At first my Teutonic eyes saw the deep forest and its hidden lake as a German opera setting, as devastatingly romantic as the Königssee near Berchtesgaden. German music kept surging through my head, Siegfried's "Forest Murmurs" and arias from *Der Freischütz*. Swimming through the blue mists on the lake, watching wisps of it crawling up through the pines on the mountains, I sang "Durch die Wälder" so vigorously a game warden, thinking I was calling for help, rowed out to rescue me.

The cave-like house I called Hunding's Hut. Its unpainted boards had taken on nature's protecting colours; like an animal it had withdrawn into the forest. But the house was primordial only in its façade—it had four bedrooms, a country kitchen with electric stove and refrigerator, a city bath and a marvellous library of old books, and a fireplace large enough to roast a boar.

It was at night when the trees dripped with limpid lights that I began to realize the forest was really Shakespeare's and not Wagner's. Floating—or so it seemed—through silvery cobwebs, hearing the sighing of water and the nocturnal rustlings of beasts, I remembered that Oberon is identified in mythology with Alberich, king of the elves and guardian of the Nibelung treasure.

Around the house was a copse of flowers, Shakespeare's

nodding violet and thyme, cowslips, columbines, and Canterbury bells. There were also azaleas and lilacs, lady's-slippers, sweet William, orange day lilies, and blue plantain lilies, and mock orange bushes like wintry snow drifts. After each rain there were the fragile waxen Indian pipes.

In my first restless week the daytime quiet was unnerving and the night's eerie noises terrifying. Animals crashed through the forest and a rabbit sounded like a bear.

In the daytime I would see them or their tracks—deer, woodchucks, squirrels, raccoons, fox, and the fishing animals, otters, minks, and weasels, slithering over the shore rocks. In the house some mice gnawed on the bindings of an early edition of *The Spectator* and across the road a city of beavers cut "popples" to build their private pond. At night the mists rising from the beaver pond made it look like a volcanic crater on the moon. One night the green eyes of a lynx faced me from the porch and I had to wait in the car until the mighty cat decided to slink away.

In the lagoon there were snapping turtles two feet wide. Blue herons, perfectly camouflaged by the blue-flowered pickerelweed, would rise from the swamps with a great fuss of flapping and coast across the lake looking for fish.

A pair of snakes kept house under the front stoop and thousands of bats lived in the walls. One could hear them rustling and whimpering under the boards during the day. At night a dark cloud of them emerged from the crevices and swooped about the house until dawn, like the birds whirring over the Church of the Swallows on the Italian shore of Lugano.

Quickly I discovered what good friends the bats were for there were no mosquitoes around Hunding's Hut and I could sit on the terrace listening to the evening epiphanies of the Wilson's thrushes. By playing a record of violins or a soprano on my phonograph I could bring them out an hour early. Kirsten Flagstad's recording of "Elisabeth's Prayer" drove them ecstatic. Later there would be a Boris Godunov choir of bullfrogs—stripling tenors, virile baritones, and grandfather bassos—booming in the swamp, and sometimes the chilling hootings of two loons. In vain I held my ears tuned for the song of the hermit thrush. This shy bird sang after midnight, the Marquise said, and kept his distance from the habitat of man.

There were leeches in the lake. The day I discovered some luminous orange newts in a patch of moss, I looked up the witches' recipe:

> Fillet of a fenny snake, . . .
> Eye of newt and toe of frog,
> Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
> Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
> Lizard's leg and howlet's wing, . . .

Howlets are owls and I lacked only a dog's tongue.

One day, without realizing quite how it had come about, I was aware I had made my peace with the woods, that my life had become part of the forest's life. I resented the trips to town for groceries and mail. I hated the phone to ring and I played my records less.

My guests came and each brought problems. A painter was unable to paint. "Too many stars, too much horizon, too many birch," he said. "I shall go mad." A Radcliffe senior paddled out like Minnehaha and filled the bottom of the canoe with golden lotus which I had to hide since their picking was prohibited both by law and by the Marquise. A pair of Norwegian nudists had their *derrières* blistered by poison ivy. A writer with a vivid imagination found the "unseen life," promised by the Marquise, very nearly unhinging. At night he heard ghosts, and when I explained they were bats and not spooks rustling in the walls, he recalled frightening tales of rabid bats biting humans in Texas. Twilight, when the bats began swooping, he called "Dracula time." A daddy longlegs on his bed he insisted was a black widow and, one night when I was swimming, he thought he heard shrieks of laughter in the woods. When I returned, he had the doors locked and shades pulled and, trembling in a cold panic, was remembering all the lonely murders of which he had ever heard. One shattering day, returning from the lake with blood flecks on his body, he reported he'd been attacked by a school of piranhas. The fish were actually little sun bass, called "kibbies," which sometimes followed a swimmer, nipping at him. Once when I bathed in the lake they ate my cake of soap.

Sometimes the Marquise would drive out in her little Saab to swim or walk in the forest. She was, as she boasted, in her eighty-second summer (her birthday was not until November). I worried about her scrambling over the rough terrain. I needn't have. Dressed in green corduroy slacks, a green khaki shirt (with USN stencilled on the pocket), a chartreuse velvet hair ribbon, and Indian moccasins, she led me down canyons and over streams, more surefooted and agile than myself. She would pick up an old beer bottle or potato chip bag left by picnickers, tending each foot of the nine hundred acres like a garden. "Don't step on the Solomon's-seal," she admonished. "They're a kindly healing plant." One day we sat on a granite boulder watching trout flashing in the stream below and the green gossamered dragonflies mating in mid-air above. "Did you ever see the dance of the atoms?" the Marquise asked. She directed me to focus against the sun and I saw movement, the shimmering flashes of dancing light.

"We are on this planet to learn perfection," she said. "But we are not given enough time. Like Plato's prisoners, we have our backs turned to the light and we perceive only the shadows of objects and think them the realities."

The silence was shattered by a passing military jet. The Marquise flushed with anger. "I have written to Congressmen asking that they stop those planes from tearing apart the walls of houses and destroying men's souls," she said. "They think I am mad. Sometimes, alas, I think I have lived too long."

Not surprisingly in Puritan New England, the Marquise was legend. At the post office I heard stories of her marriage in a forest with the bride and groom mounted on steeds. The barber, recalling how the Marquise once reviled him for shooting a deer, said, "She was so sincere there were tears in her eyes. I felt sorry for her. She's a good lady. But she doesn't know how a deer or two a winter can take a chunk out of the meat bill." A twenty-year-old Cherokee guide told a fantastic tale about the Marquise entertaining on the Holy Mountain a flying-saucer-load of nude Venutians. "Their bodies were dark brown from flying so close to the sun," he said.

The truth was almost as fanciful, as I found one evening reading some family chronicles in the library of Hunding's Hut. The Marquise was born in Boston a Tudor, descended from the Welsh Tewdwr (sic) family which produced England's kings, and, through her grandmother, from the kings of Scotland. The first American *(Continued on page 225)*



Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore

"BEYOND THE FRINGE"

BILL BRANDT

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Mantle, Maris, and Moscow. . . . The definition of neurosis set forth by Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie in *Neurotic Distortion of the Creative Process:* "The essence of illness is the freezing of behaviour into unalterable and insatiable patterns . . . these are the storm centres of dreams and of illness to which the creative process is vulnerable." . . . A soft-pedalled souvenir of the twenties and thirties in revival this month at Madison Square Garden—six-day bike races, round-the-clock fun that will call up in some the same nostalgia as a Charleston contest. . . . This small corporate anomaly: N.B.C. executives now fly tourist-class, but certain N.B.C. technicians, because of a clause in their union contracts, still fly first-class. . . . *Red Eye of Love,* a play unevenly flashed with such amusements as a butcher who recites poignantly, "You get ready to be a child when bong! Adolescence hits you. Begin to put up with adolescence and bong! You're an adult. Finally realize you're an adult. Plop! Middle age." . . . The white bathroom telephones, amid the Miami-International ambience of New York's new Summit Hotel, on which one dials 7 for Concierge. . . . "Space Ship," an inevitable record with the McGuire Sisters wondering in trio "Will there be space in a space ship for a girl and boy to make love? . . . And if he takes her through the sound bar-ri-er, tell me does a fellow have to mar-ry her?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The brilliant but irritating preciosity of *Franny and Zooey* by J. D. Salinger, who writes as if the whole affair were a private joke between him and his readers ("what I'm about to offer isn't really a . . . story at all but a sort of prose home movie, and those who have seen the footage have strongly advised me against nurturing any elaborate distribution plans for it") and has become a kind of Werther to those who find their own sorrows mirrored in such Salinger characters as Franny Glass, laid up with what her brother Zooey calls a "tenth-rate nervous breakdown" because she wants "en*light*enment, or *peace,* instead of money or pres*tige* or *fame* or any of those things." . . . The great exhibit of Chinese art treasures, kept usually in a cave on Taiwan but on view now in the United States—at the Metropolitan in New York until November 1 (with a gala private showing October 10 to benefit the China Institute), and then in Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Truth,* a believable, good, and funny movie about a French murder trial, with middle-aged French lawyers who look like middle-aged French lawyers and, as the defendant, Brigitte Bardot, who looks sometimes like a young version of Picasso's famous "Wife of the Acrobat" but looks indisputably Bardot in a scene showing her prostrate in bed, metrically wiggling her *derrière* to the beat of a cha-cha-cha record. . . . *Much Depends on Dinner (or the tablecloth game),* a meaty book by Peter J. Robotti, a New York restaurant man, who fortifies diners-out with delicious parcels of knowledge on the history of eating and of the great places where it's done, a glossary of whiskeys, whiskies, and wines, plus advice on tipping: 15% to the waiter, 7% to the captain, *if* the service requires the captain's very close attention. . . . The signs in tourist offices in Ireland—See Ireland First.

Left: Four far-in men with minds as agile as conger eels, all of them coils more amusing than. They're the whole show—except for a set part Stratford, part Brecht—that makes the London stir, *Beyond the Fringe,* a revue so irreverently full of what the English call "a giggle," that the big, honest, irrepressible guffaw has spread all the way from Dublin to Tokyo. *Fringe,* at London's Fortune Theatre, abuts Crown Court Church where there's posted admonition of the Rambling and Social Club (remember, please, that this is miles from the birth of the blues) and the warning that "For Baptisms and Marriages early intimation should be made to the minister." . . . The fact that the minister has no capital M, though it's sheer coincidence, is also quite *Fringe.* ("*Fringe?* Oh, it's nothing for you," say the English to U.S. tourists, "just old stuff.") When the show opens—if you get in at all, which isn't easy, though the attack is sometimes diverting—it starts with such low-fi stuff that the American is bewildered, the Englishman almost, and wrongly, reassured: "Shall they do something rather fatuous like C. P. Snow?" Not on their lives. They lope right into a number about the Royal Box—never, somehow, graced with Royalty unless they can't be seen because "they're on the crouch." The exploring four ask each other if yes is "used in the affirmative sense." And all the time they're being plainly outrageous, sassy, impossible, their darts are hitting too straight to put off any but the feeblest minds. For instance there's a number about the British master weapon, "the sea slug, a ludicrously *(Continued on page 219)*



It's always hard to pinpoint what makes a really good thing good; what makes it, at times, perfect. With the clothes that Leslie Morris designs for Bergdorf Goodman, the job of analysis becomes easier. She has, it's true, a sharp feeling for colour, is at home with superb materials, has an unflinching eye for workmanship—but above all, perhaps, what she has is mastery of Line. The line of a Leslie Morris dress is wonderful in repose, in motion, from any angle. If the current fashion-line happens to please her, she may follow it; if not, she ignores it. (In 1946—as documented by Vogue for October 1 of that year—she was making her quietly beautiful clothes without shoulder pads; the shoulders of almost everyone else's clothes resembled the Harvard football backfield.) On these pages, two of her evening costumes for this season, with the Leslie Morris stamp unmistakably there—the combination of romance, allure, seductiveness, with elegance. *Left:* Full-length black evening dress of rayon jersey with a crossed-over halter neckline, a beautiful fluidity of skirt. Over it, a three-quarter-length coat shaped like a cocoon, of rose-coloured silk faille, edged all around in black-dyed Russian sable. *Right:* A jacket of garnet-red velvet, jet-embroidered, over a long black sheer wool evening dress with a camisole top, buttoned in jet to the waist. Tiny, jet-embroidered calot of garnet-red velvet by Halston. Everything, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jewellery by Van Cleef & Arpels.

The dazzling black dress—back by order

HORST



Coats: the big hurrah

There's reason enough here for putting an end to the anonymous coat—four that stand up to be counted for: cocksure colour with unquibbling cut, and an outrageous amount of charm. *Left:* Full-speed ripples at off-shoulder level: dirndl sleeves. Blushing-red mohair coat by Zelinka-Matlick (Anglo fabric), about $120 at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Hudson's. *Right:* Sure impression of untamed grape that dashes down to a stand-away hemline, reverses to become a great white coat. For the shape, one word—superb—tells the story. Diagonal wool; by Bob Bugnand. Brook Volland white felt hat. Both at Henri Bendel; the coat also at I. Magnin.





Entirely predictable among the new coat identities: decisive, completely contradictory shapes, side by side. *Left:* Giant Slope—no holds, no tie-ups; sleeves that won't inhibit a suit's. By Originala, in wild-wild-plum double-faced wool; about $250. At De Pinna; Hutzler's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. *Right:* The waisted coat's return—a cut of news to cheer the woman with a figure that's made for outlines. Smash-of-orange wool coat by Frank Gallant (Stroock fabric) about $195. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Frederick & Nelson.

More on the new
hurrah for coats



Dazma

The costume under the costume

Moving with clothes now—
news in inner shapes, colour mixes, softness

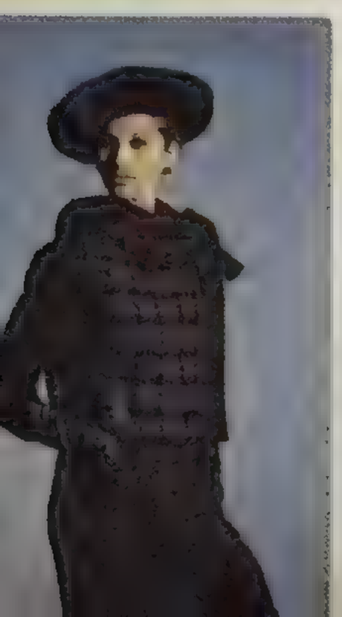
Costuming in depth—skin-depth, actually—makes great difference in the way clothes look, or for that matter to the way women look off-guard—see right. Here and on the next five pages, new lingerie thinking based on what the new clothes require. For low-flaring skirts: slips with more bounce to the flounce in the form of low pleats or ruffles that add extra substance to the flare. For knitted or crêpe clothes: lace-less slips with flat little hems and curving seams that follow the flow of the figure, make no interference to a smooth line. For jersey clothes: less-clingy slips that are woven, not knitted. Girdles and the new softly rounded brassières go along with the same idea: contoured shaping, no surface-breaking decoration, a marvellous new lightweight strength. Besides all this, the colour news—a bright flowered slip (one, opposite) might appear under a black dress; shades of sea-green lingerie could lead up to a blue tweed suit; a deep coral costume could harbour a rosy shade of red (or a paler coral) in its slip, with girdle and brassière of soft beige—a lingerie colour that's news now. Showing here, a slip with three kinds of news—it's flowered, it's woven silk crêpe, and it's hemmed flatly like a dress with no lace, no trimming, to fit smoothly beneath the black knitted wool dress that surrounds it. Slip by Iris; about $15. Dress by Goldworm; about $35. Hat by Mr. John Jr. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress and slip, also at Rich's; L. S. Ayres; Nicholas Ungar. Kislav black kidskin gloves. The car: a new Jaguar XK-E roadster with clean, slipstream lines, a look that seems always to be zooming, even at rest. It scoots—on a clear track—up to a racy 150 miles per hour.



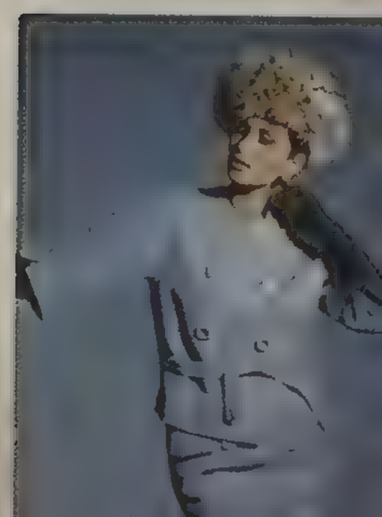


PENN

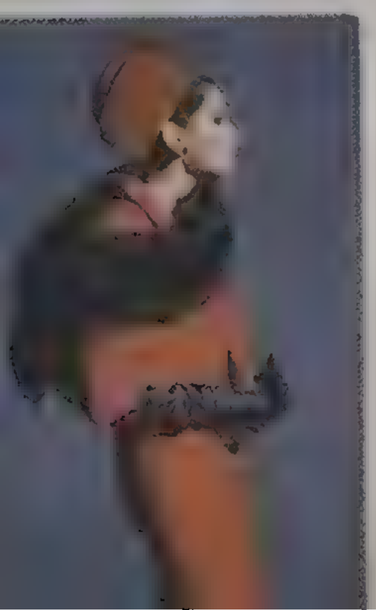
PINK PLUS A BALMY BLUE, undercostuming for a blued plaid. The half-slip—chiffon tricot, three ripples deep—echoes the new flared shapes; by Munsingwear, about $7. Lace brassière, about $4; power net girdle, $8 (light controls for the new lightly fitted clothes). Both: Hollywood Vassarette. All, Du Pont nylon. Plaid wool dress by Christian Dior-New York. All: Altman's; Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin.



GREENS, BACK-STOPPING BLUE—a very-blue blue—the costumes correlated. Low-flaring jade-green slip (to wear with new low-flaring clothes) in tricot of Du Pont nylon, about $9. Ice green all-in-one for autumn's hip-fitted and unpinched silhouettes; of Lycra power net, about $23. Both by Vanity Fair. Blue wool suit by Hannah Troy; about $145. Suit, slip, all-in-one, at Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin.



ROSY RED, UNDER CORAL—more costume-within-a-costume news. The sleek, smooth-flowing princesse slip is tank-suit-topped, has a small-whirlwind flounce (the right underlining for trumpet skirts). By Van Raalte, in nylon satin tricot—flounce of chiffon-light nylon; about $7. Coral-coloured three-piece suit by Andrew Arkin, of worsted and Orlon; about $70. Both, at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's.

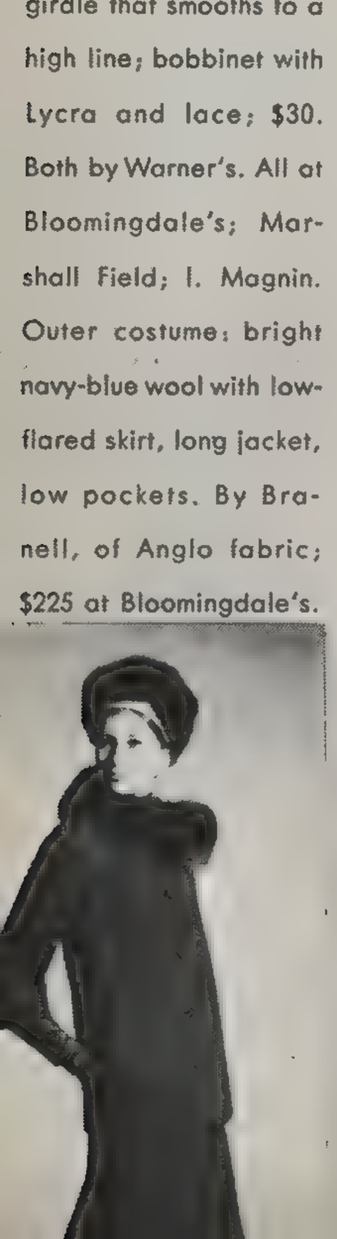


PENN

CHAMPAGNE AND COGNAC—the pale costume silent partner to the dark. Nylon tricot half-slip flared from a lace yoke, by Rogers; about $13. New soft shaping: nylon lace brassière, about $9. Pantie girdle of Lycra power net; about $17. Both for the skip-and-skim fit of the new clothes; from the Formfit Designer Collection. Cognac corduroy suit by Tiffeau & Busch, about $145. All: Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.



BLACK TRUMPET SCORE FOR BLUE— a new slip image with gentle low flare; black nylon tricot and lace. By Laros; $15. Brassière with wide, deep neckline; black nylon lace and Lycra; $10. Black girdle that smooths to a high line; bobbinet with Lycra and lace; $30. Both by Warner's. All at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Outer costume: bright navy-blue wool with low-flared skirt, long jacket, low pockets. By Branell, of Anglo fabric; $225 at Bloomingdale's.



PENN

"THE IMAGINED IMAGE"

. . . what realism plus facial surgery can do to make it happen

One day last week two friends were having a back-in-town-after-summer lunch. One had taken a look at the Aswan temples and dipped down into Nigeria. The other reported the best summer of her life. She'd stayed at home and had her face lifted. What's so brand-new about this conversation is the casual, wide-open telling. There's been a silent revolution in facial surgery, and now that more women are telling, more women will learn; more have a chance to have their lost looks returned. Up until now it seemed that only statistics were talking—telling us how many millions of Americans were going to live longer. Live longer old or live longer young? Old, of course, and the general attitude has been that of the T. S. Eliot character who announced "There is nothing at all to be done about it. There is nothing to do about anything. And now it is nearly time for the news." It certainly is. And the news is in the air everywhere. It is like a door opening. Many a woman has lost a qualifying adjective. She's neither the young Mrs. So-and-So nor old Mrs. So-and-So but the Mrs. So-and-So who. . . . And no one need ask any more how old she is because it won't show and it won't matter.

The present techniques of facial—one surgeon calls it aesthetic—surgery have reached the brilliant point where any woman who is a realist can have a new faceful of hope—not with the dewy beauty of youth but without the sags, then bags, and wrinkles of age. The truly contemporary face—untired, undated, alive—is among us now by means of surgery that may not be able to save your life but can often make that life more interesting.

Plastic surgery includes aesthetic (or cosmetic) surgery such as rhinoplasty (nose-fixing) and reconstructive work for tragic accident cases. It has been defined as: that in which something is changed to be something else. And that very surgery itself has been changed to be something else by the enormous fund of knowledge accumulated in two world wars and a snow-balling improvement of technique in the past ten years. Anyone who has witnessed the results of the kind of surgery that was being done too often in the thirties and early forties could well hold as fact what has since become myth. At one time there definitely *was* a recognizable face-lift face—a masque without lines, without expression, without character, and sometimes quite horrifying. With this face, too, went the rumour that behind pulled-down forward hair, or beneath a scarf, a hat, were hideous, disfiguring scars. With a reputable surgeon that face just can not happen now, but fear of it still persists. The reason perhaps: today's extraordinary surgery is almost impossible to identify. It reveals nothing that isn't pleasant, never announces itself in the smallest way. The new change—though, for some women, it makes over a life—is not a dramatic make-over of the face, does not mean long hospitalization, nor long periods of post-operative black-and-blueness. In fact, some women have disappeared for a long weekend, turned up looking as if they had had a rest which did them a world of good.

Next question: Could this operation be too true to life then, too subtle to be worthwhile? The answer lies in the fact that the *fading* of beauty is almost imperceptible, too; a beautiful woman just seems to have become plain; a desirable woman, unalluring for no reason that anyone can put a finger on. It's simply that an elusive something has vanished. And just as indescribably, without anyone's knowing why or being able to *see* why—after expert artistic surgery—a woman seems to become a going concern again, out of the age limbo and back in competition as a woman.

Who is now enjoying this recall to life? Old-fashioned thinking would have us believe that it is the few and the foolish. But the present facts don't tally with this assumption.

Most reputable hospitals have an astonishingly large number of face-uplift cases on their schedules. Among the patients—who may range in age from thirty-five to sixty-five—there is scarcely a narcissist (who would be unlikely to have the guts for it); a few pure hedonists (where are they anyway?). On the contrary, the majority are serious, thoughtful women—often with good jobs or small businesses—whose working years are going to be lengthened by ten, fifteen, or even more; active women who intend to keep up with their busy lives attractively; women who have *(Continued on page 213)*

When a fur jacket turns into an idea...

What's suddenly making a new suit look all over the clock, the place, the globe? That old love, the fur jacket —lighter than you think (to snatch a phrase from Thurber); and delightfully fraught with the sort of dash that, for want of a euphemism, is known as young. This year the way to wear a fur jacket is the way you'd wear an elegant blazer; the fashion payoff, almost enough to put moth balls in moth balls.



Left: Hemmed in fur, a look that's a matter of cool, calm smash; black American broadtail jacket with mink at the neck, at the hem of the narrow black wool dress. By Paul Parnes (of black-dyed broadtail lamb, and natural dark ranch mink). At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Hat; Sally Victor. *Right:* Proof that mink's even more telling when not approached with too much reverence: this cardigan in a gloriously becoming amber-to-grey for morning, noon, or night wear as though it were a sweater. By Christie Bros. of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. Gus Mayer; Neusteters.

KAREN RADKAI



KAREN RADKAI

The fur-jacket idea. When is a jacket the quick control of a wardrobe? When it is any one of these full-scale personalities.

Left: An exuberance of blue fox bound about with completely unlooked for jet-black leather which imposes a kind of biting authority. Jacket of Saga Norwegian blue fox, at Georges Kaplan. Black jersey dress by Monte-Sano & Pruzan. Earrings by Richelieu. Both at Lord & Taylor. Toby Coppock turban. *Above left:* Topaz-brown mink with I-found-it-for-the-country-but-I'm-wearing-it-in-town-too collar and cuffs of beige knitting. Saga "Pastel," medium brown mutation mink. At Gunther Jaeckel; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves by Grandoe. *Right:* Precise example of the new weights-off jacket-thinking: a nutria coat that doesn't behave like one, short-cropped, with deep-delving pockets that provide an attitude. Cabana Marrone nutria. At Bernhardt Furs, Los Angeles. Monte-Sano & Pruzan rippling wool sheath. Necklace by Trifari. Both at Lord & Taylor. The beret by Emme. *Below right:* Absence of collar, cuffs and the presence, instead, of a crisp soutache binding decides the character of this black-dyed Southwest African Persian lamb—young and in-townish. By Schiaparelli at Macy's; Wanamaker's, Phila.







Three jacket ideas peculiarly suited to the swift clip of living that's known as American. *Above left:* The sort of Total Impact the travelling American's expected to make on other continents and doesn't always manage—this assembled thought. Shapely oblong of brown basket-weave wool, a square of natural (that's mushroom) nutria that belong together. By Charles Cooper. Monet pin. Both at Henri Bendel. Costume also at Frederick & Nelson. Ski-sloped hat, taupe felt, by Sally Victor. *Below left:* One of the most effective methods possible to express a real affinity for the quality of brown: this brown-dyed Russian Persian lamb surcoat; its cut as simple as salt. By Laurence Kaye. At Best & Co.; Gus Mayer; Joseph Magnin. Chair by Kagan-Dreyfus. *Right:* Fitch in sway here with its own black wool dress—an overblouse and skirt. The jacket reverses to black wool, turning the fur into a lining. Costume by Marquise; jacket of natural fitch from Yugoslavia. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. Side-tilted hat: Lilly Daché.

KAREN RADKAI



Are you illiterate about modern architecture?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although some architects, when asked to write about architecture, tend either to airy abstractions or to mumbles about central heating, Peter Blake is an exception: an architect who can make himself clear in words as well as in space. Now the managing editor of *Architectural Forum*, he is the author of a fine book about Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, and Frank Lloyd Wright: *The Master Builders*, published last year by Knopf.

Just as Paris, during the first three decades of the century, was the centre of modern art, so this country is now the centre of modern architecture. All over the world, the names of great American architects—native as well as foreign-born—are known, and their work admired. Much early modern architecture in Europe and elsewhere received its impetus from the work of the great Chicago architects of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, from Louis Sullivan to Frank Lloyd Wright. Now architecture in Europe, Asia, and Africa is receiving *its* impetus from the work of living Americans. Impetus comes from Louis I. Kahn, perhaps the most creative U.S. architect since Wright. It comes as well from the work of Philip Johnson, Edward D. Stone, Paul Rudolph, Craig Ellwood, and Minoru Yamasaki—from the American buildings by such European-born American pioneers as Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Walter Gropius, Marcel Breuer, Richard Neutra, and Eero Saarinen.

Laymen, of course, recognize the names of the great pioneers—may recognize the names of Saarinen and Johnson and one or two of their contemporaries. But many would be hard put to identify the work of these men, or to separate it from that of





How the best new U. S. buildings look—and why

BY PETER BLAKE

lesser architects. The ferment itself is practically unknown. To some laymen, modern architecture looks much the same: glass-and-metal "graph paper" draped over rectangles of steel and concrete, with little variation in detail, little allowance for "beauty." They are reconciled to this sameness because they have come to believe that modern architecture is cheap, and that sameness is the reason it *is* cheap.

The facts, however, are rather different. Although it is certainly cheaper to build a modern building today than it would be to build Chartres today, modern architecture is anything but cheap—nor does it all look the same. Indeed, it would be very difficult to find a contemporary art form in America, or anywhere else, in which there are so many vehemently opposed splinter groups at work. As a matter of fact, the great diversity in American architecture and the lack of consensus among its practitioners are among its diverting pleasures. While it is certainly true that glass-and-metal "graph paper" is one characteristic surface of modern buildings, glass and metal do not become architecture until employed by a glass-and-metal artist. The glass-and-metal Seagram Building in New York, designed primarily by Mies van der Rohe, is as different from the jerry-built glass-and-metal junk of much of Park Avenue as the poetry of T. S. Eliot is from this prose. (Furthermore, the Seagram may be one of the most expensive buildings, per square foot, put up by anyone since Angkor Wat.)

In short, it should be understood that (a) many modern buildings are not architecture; (b) modern architects may build with almost anything from prehistoric rock to irradiated plastics, and their forms and spaces may recall anything from the piazza at Vigevano to twenty-first-century science fiction; (c) modern architecture is not particularly cheap; and (d) modern architects do not think that ugliness is necessarily synonymous with goodness.

It is much harder to say what American architects do believe. One article of faith held by many of them is that the structural frame of a building is a kind of ethical basis for architecture. Because much of modern architecture began with *structures* rather than buildings—with bridges, dams, silos, railroad sheds, and airplane hangars, all shaped primarily by considerations of engineering—a good many architects now seem to have a fixation about "expressing structure."

This fixation has, on occasion, produced some very odd results. On the one hand—quite validly—a young virtuoso like Victor Lundy, in Florida, may engage in fabulous acrobatics with laminated wood arches: or another man of outstanding talent, like Ulrich Franzen, in New York, may become just as fascinated by hinged arches of steel. But on the other hand, a number of Lundy's and Franzen's contemporaries have begun to decorate their buildings with *symbols* that are meant to "express structure"—but in truth have little, if anything, to do with the structure that actually holds up the roof. Philip Johnson's new Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, a lovely piece of outdoor decoration, has a great portico of sculptured arches that *look* like formed concrete, but are actually a Texas variation of travertine, carefully fitted around thin steel pipe columns that are the *true* structural supports—but would look like toothpicks if left exposed to the eye.

Mies van der Rohe has been doing this kind of thing for *(Continued on page 214)*

LOUIS I. KAHN, "Perhaps the most creative U. S. architect since Wright," photographed with a model of his Richards Medical Research building in Philadelphia. Done for the University of Pennsylvania, the building is so superb and startling an application of intelligence to architecture that it was, this summer, the subject of a one-man, one-building photographic exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

RAWLINGS



Paris Copies—for U.S.A. wearing

Charming clothes, new ideas—Paris had them in the new collections. It also had—to a pretty spectacular degree—a quick, ringingly affirmative answer to what is, after all, the really burning fashion question where American women are concerned: "Does this news work for me?" On these pages, that answer in some of its most alluring forms—the flared, gently fitted shapes; the big scarfs; the calot hats; the jewel excitement, and the engaging fur-hand that almost every house showed. The photographs on these pages are of the original designs; the copies—and this takes care of the other searing question—are ready for the wearing in stores across the U.S.A. Now.



All Dior, the news on these two pages—in terms instantly translatable to American clothes-ese.
Left: Tweed muffled in tweed, with a fold of muguet-speared tweed for a hat, and enough charm for two suit-looks. Of black-and-white wool tweed. Imported and copied by Saks Fifth Avenue. The original imported by Hudson's; Holt Renfrew of Canada.
Directly above: Dior-red wool coat, with incisive seams making the point of a very controlled flare. This, imported and copied by Saks Fifth Avenue.
Right: In wool fleece, a pair of Dior coat-points—weld-shaped flare, the colour taupe. Copied by Frank Gallant for Saks Fifth Avenue; copies also Hutzler's. Original, imported by Frederick & Nelson. Kislav gloves.

SANTE FORLANO



Dior's flared looks copied here

From Dior, shapes that take direction from a flare—used here with three different slants. A furred red suit, above, has a definite woman-shape, corded fullness flaring suddenly from the waist. A pale coat, below, flares from narrow shoulders into a cone-shape that squares, slightly, near the hem. This, light orange fleece to wear over the dark dress opposite—brown wool with briefed-bolero look, very full skirt, close-belted midriff.



Top: Dress and jacket of red wool tweed, black sealskin. Imported and copied in America by Saks Fifth Avenue. Original imported by Holt Renfrew of Canada. *Left:* Wide-flaring yellow-orange wool double-breasted coat, copied by Frechtel for Lord & Taylor. Copies also at I. Magnin. Original also imported by Nan Duskin. *Opposite page:* Dark-brown wool dress with a suit-look; copied in America by Abe Schrader for Saks Fifth Avenue. Copies also at Julius Garfinckel; Frederick & Nelson.

SANTE FORLANO



Paris copies—scarf attachments,
side-wheel buttons



Coat of red chinchilla wool with a long fling of scarf, no collar, rounded skirt. Imported by, and copied for, Macy's.

Two ideas that wrapped up Paris this season—the long sweep of stole-like scarf, attached at one end; big saucer-eyed buttons relocated to a sideline. Opposite, a Cardin coat of red wool, side-buttoned, with slanting skirt fullness, a long, loose scarf stemming from one shoulder. A Laroche city-dress of brown tweed, this page, has a half-cutaway coat look to its mildly fitted top. The scarf here is fringed, the buttons diagonal.



Coat-looking dress of brown wool tweed. This, copied in America by Leonard Arkin for Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

PENN

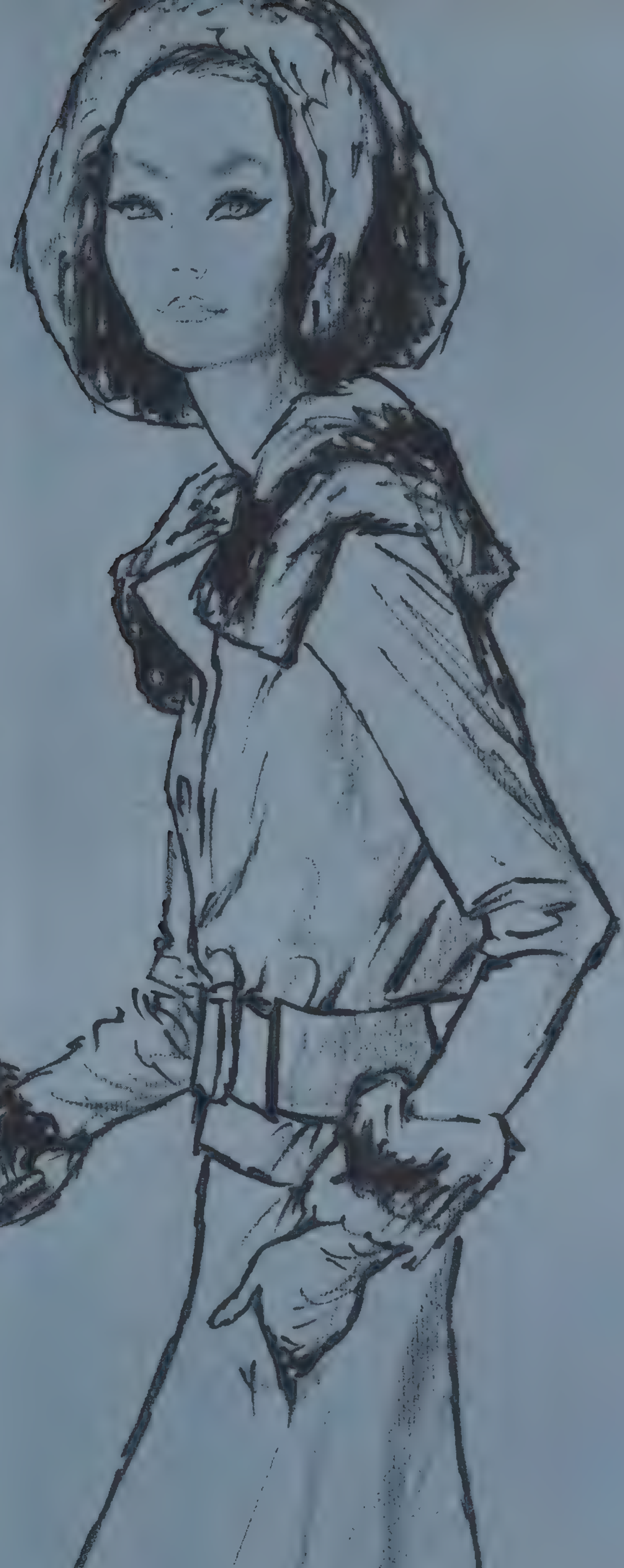


Paris copies—fur and flattery



Both fur-brimmed hats on this page, by Paulette; in the Saks Fifth Avenue Paulette Shop Costume and hat on facing page, by Dior; imported and copied by Saks Fifth Avenue.

SANTE FORLANO



Dior's delicious dinner suit that almost stopped the show—pale-blue velvet, with whipped-creamy chinchilla collar and cuffs; worn with a great, squashy chinchilla beret. Besides all this un-hidden flattery, it has a hidden surprise—it's actually one-piece. To the left, Paulette's fur-brimmed hats—soft-bodied, pullable-about, edged in aureoles of fur; both, pure flattery. Above, brown velvet Tartar hat, brown mink brim; below, beige velvet hat, deeply brimmed in blond mink.





Paris copies—the new Ricci coat figure

One of the best Paris coat ideas—and there were many—was the Ricci concentration on narrow shoulders with fullness swaying out above, at, or a touch below waist-level. Two versions here: left, a fleecy saffron shape that's reeferish until the pleats come in; right, tweed of the parsley-green persuasion with narrow top, triangular inserts swinging the front. Centre, Ricci's grey wool dress, side-buttoned at the back, shaped in a manner less than taut.

Far left: Yellow wool coat, swinging out from welt seaming below the waist. Copied by Zelinka-Matlick in Forstmann wool at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Dark mink toque. *Left:* Ricci's grey wool dress slimmed to wear under a coat. Imported by and copied in America for Lord & Taylor. Copies also at I. Magnin. Floppy velvet hat, lynx brimmed. *Right:* Parsley-coloured tweed coat for a day-person's life—or even a night-person's day life. Copied by Dan Millstein for Saks Fifth Avenue: Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's.

SANTE FORLANO



Paris jewellery—fringe and flash

Night news out of Paris—necklaces with fringe and flash, simulcast here with Paris clothes. The necklaces, Orientally influenced—two fringed-tassel pendants by Heim, hanging from sparkling chains—one long, one shorter; a chunky choker by Laroche, made of beaded ropes, glittery lozenges of cut stones. More fringe, opposite—an orange velvet dress by Ricci, floor length, with scalloped fringe edging a loose top that scarfs one arm, leaves one bare.

This page, left: Necklace of three bulky strands; two of twisted pearl beads, a centre band of big rhinestones. *Right:* Two tasseled chains; the shorter, a rhinestone chain, with tassel of silver mesh and rhinestones. Longer necklace of rhinestone links with tassel of pearl beads and rhinestones. All, copied in America by Vendôme. All jewellery at Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's, Los Angeles. *Facing page:* Evening dress; copied by Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure, Thierry of Helena Rubinstein.

JOHN STEWART

SANTE FORLANO



Fringe—its new Paris edges

Late-day looks from Paris—the brilliant return of the little black dress after six (not earlier); furred hats; veiled caps. Cardin's black crêpe dress (left), one of many intricately-cut quiet charmers in black. Dior's black satin calot, veiled (below); on the dress, a huge rhinestone pin, newly placed—so far aft on the left shoulder that its mock-pearl drops drip backward. Right, the Dior black crêpe dress just glimpsed below: its news, the wrapped bolero top. Here for the record, Guy Laroche's dark-brown crêpe dress (far right)—spelling out the new Paris interest in brown at night.

Paris copies—the late-day revival of black



Black crêpe dress by Pierre Cardin, copied in America by Leonard Arkin, in Onondaga silk, at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's, I Magnin. Hat, in America at Bergdorf Goodman, I Magnin Dior veiled calot, in America at Bergdorf Goodman, I Magnin Dior black crêpe dress, imported and copied by Sols Fifth Avenue. Dark brown crêpe dress by Guy Laroche. Black dyed mink tuque

SANTE FORLANO



Glitter on glitter . . . The dazzling dress

From Ricci, one of the sensations of his collection—a long slender emerald-green satin dress, gala and worldly, worn with a toe-length green satin coat, its borders banded with fur. At left, new Paris jewelling—necklaces that mix glitter with glitter. Top: Lanvin pointed huge pearls with diamonds (both, faked). Below: Dior slung a grape-cluster of crystal beads—grey and white with a dash of jet—from a beaded collar.



Above, left: Lanvin necklace—fake pearls, jotted with fake diamonds. It's glitter enough for gala evenings, could also be angled for late day. In America: I. Magnin. *Below, left:* Dior necklace—masses of grey, white, and black cut-crystal beads. This, the shorter of two tasselled necklaces shown by Dior. In America at I. Magnin. *Right:* Ricci's green satin dress, with shoestring straps. The matching coat is bound and hemmed with Saga Norwegian blue fox. Dress, copied by David Hart for Saks Fifth Avenue. Copies also: Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.

PENN





Young fashion concentrate

The look is young, worldly, understated —and the price tags are the sort that don't break the bank. In many American shops now there's a special place where this is the look-in-residence—a shop-within-a-shop that concentrates on the clothes clothes-collectors love. Among the newest specialists: the Miss Hudson Shop in Hudson's, Detroit.

All clothes here at Miss Hudson Shop; Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

Left: Pink and rippling—all-day dress with a flared skirt. By Junior Sophisticates, of Shamokin wool; about $60. Hat by Irene of New York; DeLiso Debs shoes.

Below: Suit with this year's longer jacket; by Dani Jrs., of Milliken red wool chinchilla; about $70. Mr. John hat.

Near right: Dress with an outgoing flare, a long narrowing jacket with a Persian lamb collar. By N S Juniors, of Stevens navy-blue wool twill; about $110. Evins shoes.

Centre right: Dashing dinner suit of a black embossed fabric; white silk satin put-over. By Harrods, of acetate-and-wool, about $125. Irene of New York hat; I. Miller shoes.

Far right: For little evenings, gold brocade—silk-nylon-and-Mylar. By Edward Abbott (Couleur fabric); about $110. Palizzio shoes.



KAREN RADKAI



The new suits and deputy-suits

Two suits here, and a dress that could easily stand in for a suit—it's as livable, as adaptable. They're all close translations of the new more-fitted look (the suit jackets aren't moulded to the body, but they're fashion-miles away from the straight-edged jackets of the past few years). *Right:* In cranberry tweed, a gently-shaped suit, foursquare with pockets. By Handmacher of a lightweight wool tweed, about $75. The brown kidskin gloves by Fuchs. Both at Altman's. The suit, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Famous-Barr. Rounded chinchilla toque by Irene of New York.



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

Above: Space-blue suit shaped in the new, shapelier way—lightly-fitted jacket, skirt with a mild, crisp flare. By Briarbrook of wool-and-nylon, about $60. Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's. Natural ranch mink wrap by Winter Furs, at Lord & Taylor. The tall ranch mink fez by Irene of New York.
Right: As strong on fashion mobility as a suit: this year's princesse dress of butterscotch wool tweed, with the new skinny sleeves, curving seams, flared skirt—the new uncollared neckline. By Betty Carol, junior sizes, about $55. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hovland-Swanson. Hat by Irene of New York.





More slants on the suit-news: the cutaway jacket; the cardigan revisited—slightly longer now. *Above, left:* The new knitted suit—beige wool with a longer, limber jacket—incorporating an unsleeved beige put-over of knitted silk. Not shown: a detachable swing-around scarf, also of beige wool. By Tricosa, $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The brown handbag by Eugenie Buchner. *Above, right:* Anywhere suits can go, this can go too: short-sleeved dress, under cover of a cutaway jacket that's collarless and as immaculately tailored as a penguin. By Minx Modes of magenta and black wool, about $40. At Jay Thorpe; Famous-Barr. Garnet red velvet hat: Lilly Daché. *Right:* Grey worsted flannel suit: the cutaway jacket brackets a slice of grey-and-beige knitted wool blouson. To wear with a big pin spotted high and very far out. By Carlye, about $70. Gilt pin. Both: Franklin Simon. Suit at Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Lilly Daché hat. Lederer handbag.

The new suits and deputy-suits



Allure—what's making it now

It must have something to do with the way clothes have become so meltingly feminine again; whatever, the beauty brains, in turn, appear to be equally infatuated with the idea of women looking as womanly as all get out. At Alexandra de Markoff, for instance, the enthusiasm is for a new evening make-up that ought to make even a tanned tennis addict seem fragile as eggshell china, and not instantly scrutable. This, which de Markoff puts up under the Countess Isserlyn label, is an almost pearl-coloured liquid foundation called, somewhat enigmatically, No. 0. And its mission in life is not to mask women's faces in stark whiteness. On the contrary—diaphanousness, illumination, and translucence are the promises held out. If, however, in spite of these blandishments, you still feel a trifle wary of such high drama, our suggestion is that you first try No. 0 under a more conventional foundation (a lighting principle similar to the one involved in using white lipstick under colour), or as a base for a really pale, pale face-powder. Light diffused through a scrim curtain is the effect we have in mind here, and among the delicate new powders that would bring it off smashingly is something called Rainbow Powder. Tourneur makes this—a spectrum of pastels in cake form, which manages, somehow, to blend into a single luminousness at the flick of a puff. (Don't ask us how it manages. It does, that's all.) While we're trafficking in peak glamour (and make no mistake, it's evening make-up under discussion here), it seems a logical time to note that—although a slight extension of liner at the corners will enlarge eyes appreciably—a crescent-shaped beauty patch in the same lilting position will do the very same thing. And it looks newer. Now, not to prolong the suspense another moment, the flare of brushed gilt to your left represents a dram of Flair. Which is? A light and faintly spicy new perfume from Yardley. And evenings are exactly half the story here. (More about the perfume on page 60—and more about everything else on page 224.)



Who's glowing now

Glow without glitter—satin has it, and so does chiffon. What's new—and alluring—is that this kind of soft-key radiance seems, suddenly, a wonderful dressing for a woman's face to wear. Max Factor began it last spring, does it again now with a trio of Autumn Sun Colours and Nail Satin polish; here, glowing in the light of green earrings—Golden Strawberry lipstick, and the limelight comes by way of Factor's Lime Mist Eye Shadow. Altman's; D. H. Holmes; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson.

BERT STERN



VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



10 fresh beginnings for a bedroom

In the bedroom: news of Creil yellows

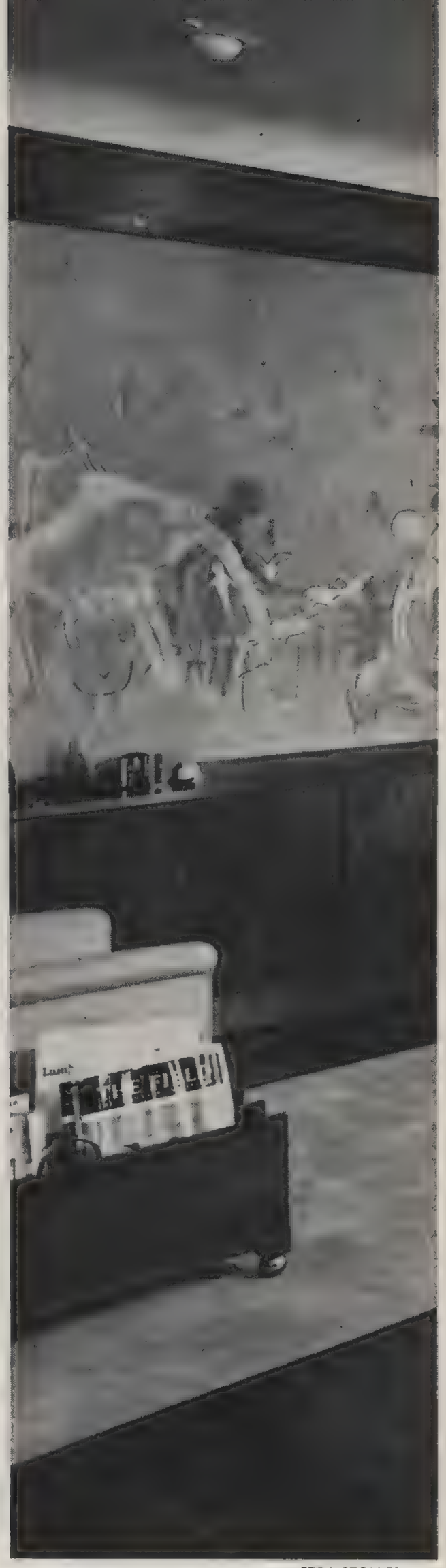
In this bedroom, *opposite*, a new carat count of charms cued to Creil faïence, those rare eighteenth-century French pieces in black and white, or yellows and black. (The depth of the yellows depends on the amount of uranium in the glaze.) Here, black-and-yellow Creil faïence on the tôle breakfast tray is from Soupçon. More French ideas: a white bed platform for flowers, books, and an amber-coloured catch-all tray; the willow-woven headboard and chaise longue, imported by Lord & Taylor; the yellow floral pillow slip at Porthault. Creil yellow in pale Wamsutta pillow slips and sheets lapping over a white quilted coverlet traced in black leaves, golden blossoms, a flight of butterflies; in a Roman window shade of Everfast fabric with Everglaze easy care; these and deep yellow curtains, by Nettlecreek at W & J Sloane. Note: girl and cat—American.

To begin at the beginning, or the rebeginning, the bed might be the room-maker. Among room-making beds due for reconsideration (and reconsidered on pages 210-212) is:
1. The canopy—tall, swathed, and, curiously, looking like less of a space thief than a sweep of springs and mattress does. Another new-old way beds are going is towards the outsized basket, like the willowy headboard, *opposite*, with an interesting platform, as any combination of headboard, spring, and mattress might have, on a long, low stretch of white Formica that moonlights brilliantly as a night table.
2. To sweeten the sleeping life, what goes on the bed, the linens, have new complexions. One is silky percale, scalloped, monogrammed, and flower-stitched with hand-embroidery, done here and in France, where the famous Beauvais table-linen embroideries are now being put to sheets and pillow slips. For a colour switch, there are turquoise sheets, white embroidery, white blankets; mango-orange sheets with embroidery and blankets of deeper burnt orange; mint green similarly merged with misty olive green. The new blankets bound in velvet have a look of great luxe, are secretly as practical as a blanket can be, because the velvet is nylon (washable as your face).
3. The news in bath linens is a firm departure from twinning of towels, mats, shower curtains, rugs. The idea is—the same colours, yes; the same designs, no. For instance, eggy-to-ochre Creil yellows, or a set of mauvy pinks, look all the more interesting dispersed among striped curtains, floral and solid-colour towels.
4. Barring the installation of a fireplace, the quickest way to endow a bedroom with a warm new look is fur, fake, non-fake, and from everywhere. Odd shags, brindle raccoon, rusty brown-and-white striped Tyrolean lamb, white South American alpaca, tawny U. S. A. red fox, dappled beige-and-white Andean vicuña—they all make throws and cushion covers, and on the floor, welcome bare feet like long lost friends.
5. What screens do—beautifully—is define space, suggest long vistas where none exist, provide the height or width or focus that transforms three or four disparate elements into a room. (Bed, chair, and table do not a bedroom make.) Papered, painted, or covered with fabric, a screen might be hung with small paintings, photographs, maps, all the memorabilia that belong in a bedroom. To think about: a screen quilted in a fabric that picks up the colour or print of the bedspread; a trompe-l'œil screen; a screen with Italian grisaille moulding, all greys, softened browns; a screen that does a double take—pale enamel on one side, flowering linen on the other.
6. A bedroom's pivotal point might be a collection, a cluster of related treasures that spark the colour plan, people a private world. Colour generator in the photograph, *opposite*, is yellow-and-black Creil faïence, once rare and costly, now, in reproduction, pleasantly priced between $4.50 and $50 and easy to find at Soupçon in New York. (Original Creil, made between 1796 and 1895 in France, has recently been copied for the Mottahedeh Company in Italy.)
7. For those who take to bed for reading, writing letters, or watching old George Raft movies, there are marvellously bulky new sitting-up pillows, rather like airplane seats, with pockets for remote-control television switches, paperbacks, cigarettes, all the other impedimenta.
8. Trays, the bigger and shallower the better, can handle, and neatly, much of the clutter that rightfully accumulates in a bedroom. Beside the bed, an immense, brightly lacquered tray might hold a Princess telephone, spectacles; around the room, others might clean up knitting things, invitations, unanswered letters, swatches and such.
9. Morris Lapidus, the give-them-what-they-want architect responsible for a good part of the glory that is Miami Beach, once observed that he designed hotel rooms with big closets because big closets induced a state of mind spelled v-a-c-a-t-i-o-n. In addition to diffusing holiday spirit, big closets might be made into dressing rooms, with rugs, quilted walls, built-in drawers, in effect doubling the scope of the bedroom.
10. Such solid practicalities as small, portable refrigerators go some way toward making a bedroom an island. A refrigerator might hold—besides ice for nightcaps—fruit juice, mineral water, medicine that needs refrigeration, colognes to splash on cold, even Angora sweaters (kept cold, they stay fluffy).

KAREN RADKAI

One man's bedroom





EZRA STOLLER

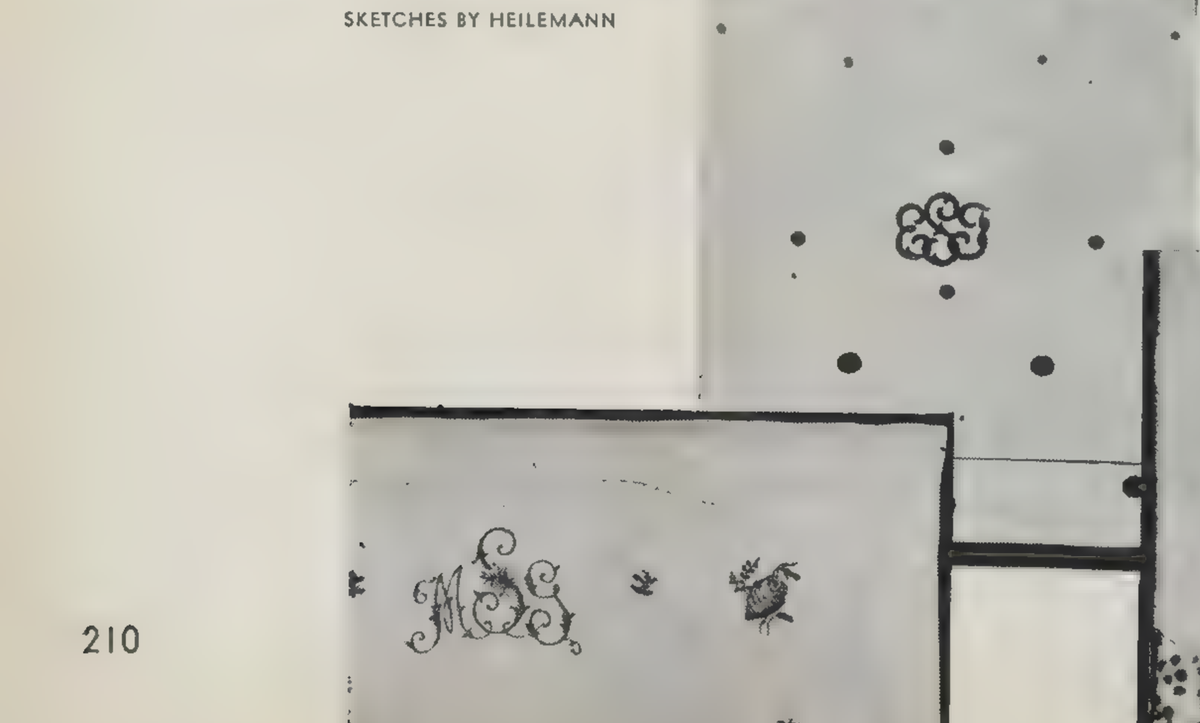




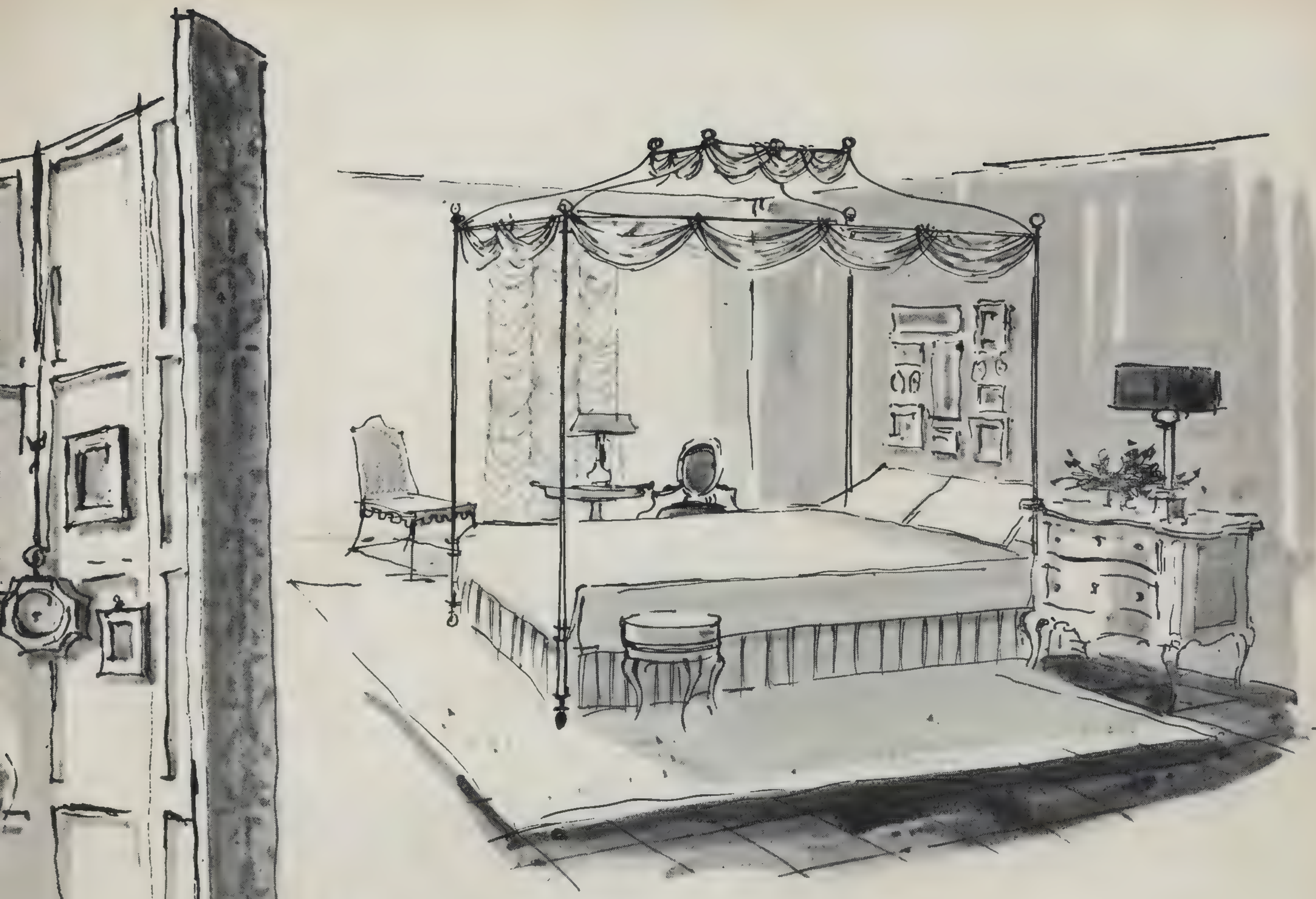
A retreat committed completely to its owner's joy in nature-watching, this polished Wisconsin bedroom belongs to Herbert F. Johnson. The room glows with such treasures as a prehistoric painting and pre-Columbian sculpture, such comforts as the skylighted, glass-sided bay (*opposite, above*), cantilevered from the house. There Mr. Johnson works at a long writing table with a top of blue leather, keeps bird books and binoculars nearby to identify newcomers to the Johnson bird sanctuary. The bay seems to float over the bass-rich stream where Mr. and Mrs. Johnson (her pink and lavender private world adjoins Mr. Johnson's) often fish for their supper. Facing the bed, a mural in the tones of Creil faïence gives the room its special colour. In ochre and washy whites on a field of changing yellows, it reproduces a rock painting, one of the 10,000-year-old frescoes discovered in 1956 by the Henri Lhote expedition deep in the central Sahara. This exact copy, the only one made from the original, was painted in Paris by Mr. Lhote for Mr. Johnson. In the foreground of the painting are round-headed human figures, wild sheep, elephants, a giraffe, but in the background, in ballet postures, leap sinewy female warriors.

Above, Mr. Johnson's bedroom, yellow, black, and toned-down white, with walnut, an orange ottoman, an orange bench. The castered desk in the window rolls into the room when the sun goes down. Except for the old English desk chair, which belonged to Mr. Johnson's mother, all tables, chairs, and cabinets were designed by Robsjohn-Gibbings. The bathroom, *far left*, has creamy marble counters, walnut cupboards, telephone, and mirroring by the yard.

SKETCHES BY HEILEMANN



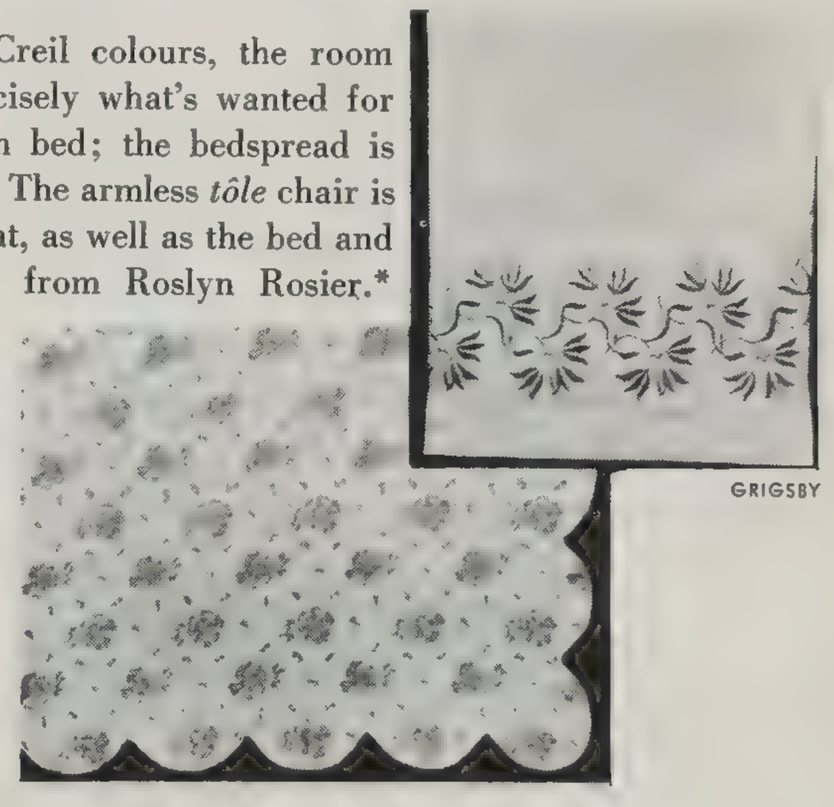
Clockwise: French linen sheets, scattered with sea shells of Beauvais embroidery; Beauticale sheets by Stevens, sent to Madeira to be monogrammed and polka-dotted in indigo blue; white Martex towels, appliquéd with sprigged percale. All, to order at Léron.



The canopied bed, more or less strictly for rooms that do not double as sitting rooms, writing rooms, or bird-watching rooms, makes one point beautifully: it makes a room a bedroom, an island in the house. Here and on the next page are three canopied beds, each made of iron, each a decisive room-maker. In the bedroom sketched at left, with its white cypress walls and dark parquet floor, the eighteenth-century French bed is of black iron, worn to a smoky slate colour. The scalloped spread is of heavy oyster-white silk; the canopy and curtains, of indigo-blue and white cotton, batik printed in India, lined here with pale-blue linen. Beside the bed: an eighteenth-century French Provincial walnut chest with a white marble top, à Louis XV chair covered with indigo-blue and white striped linen, and an immense screen—one of the least fallible room fresheners going—hung with memorabilia. Everything except the memorabilia, at Roslyn Rosier.*

Planned around a canopied bed and the gentled clarity of Creil colours, the room shown above ends up looking softened but not soft-minded, precisely what's wanted for a master bedroom. Filmy white silk canopies the slate-black iron bed; the bedspread is quilted Creil yellow cotton, by Craig Creations at Lord & Taylor. The armless *tôle* chair is painted a soft faded green and touched with mustard yellow; that, as well as the bed and the French Provincial pieces—footstool, chest, and chair, are from Roslyn Rosier.*

*THROUGH DECORATORS



GRIGSBY

Right: French sheets of white linen printed in Creil yellow pansies, bound in the same yellow; at Porthault. *Far right:* More sheet-and-pillowcase yellow on white, the yellow in the deeply embroidered hems: the "Danube" pattern in Wamsutta's Supercale. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

SKETCH BY HEILEMANN



GRIGSBY

A never-before bed is the room-maker here; its base of bone-white Spanish pine, its canopy a delicate, airy tracery of lightly gilded hand-wrought iron. Almost like an arrangement of iron branches with flecks of gilt, the small table may be topped with the bleached pine, with marble, or with slate; the pale walnut folding chair, with its Napoleonic look, has arm slings of natural leather. Just visible, a splashy chest: covered with black and white paper, then lacquered. (The top is black lacquer; the inside brilliant red lacquer.) Everything—bed, table, chair, chest—made in Spain for Reinares & Co.*

Quite as dashing as the room itself, the bedding reads this way, *clockwise:* a quilted cotton spread, taupe and white touched with honey, by Craig Creations, at Lord & Taylor; fringed towels, striped sheets, and the blanket, a fluff of Acrilan, all in Creil yellows, all by Fieldcrest, all at Macy's; white Martex towels embroidered with birds, any birds, to order at Léron.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

"THE IMAGINED IMAGE"

(Continued from page 173)

had children late in life and want to be on a pleasant par with other younger mothers; affirmative women with good lives who believe in keeping them that way as long as they can. Nor are these women always exceptionally rich. While the operation involves a respectable sum, it is no more than, if as much as, the standard American luxury-necessities—a car, a boat, a European jaunt.

Perhaps the most crucial question these women ask themselves—after a hard look in the mirror shows them the face that is not the face that was—is not "Can I face the operation?" but "Who can I get to do it as it should be done?" Without any doubt the surgeon is the overwhelming factor. While this operation is considered minor surgery, it is not a simple one in execution or in implication—and only your only face is at stake. There are two steps to take, and you can take either or both. Your local Medical Association (in New York it is the New York County Medical Society) has a complete listing—with qualifications—of every reputable doctor in the community. Your own doctor is, usually, the best source—he will know or, he will find out for you in the right quarters, the names of the best qualified plastic surgeons in your locale. Some women report that they made up a list of names acquired this way and arranged consulting visits with each doctor on it (there is a fee, of course, for this). One New Yorker now "enjoying my new face more than anything in my whole life" starred the name of a doctor on her list who was described as an artist, and he eventually gave her what she considers "new life."

After the matter of the surgeon is settled and the matter settled with him he may—as "the artist" mentioned does—make a drawing of your face as it is and one as he will make it. Then a very realistic discussion takes place detailing exactly what is going to be involved: the operation, the recuperation—it could be several weeks or as little as five days, depending on the amount of surgery involved; the fee—usually somewhere between one and two thousand dollars and occasionally more; and a projection of how lasting the effects will be—they can last anywhere from five to ten years, and pick-up surgery is comparatively easy and relatively less expensive.

Most reassuring, fascinating, too, is the remarkably clear picture many doctors give of the operation itself. Almost the first place to consider and usually the first place in your face to collapse is the area around the eyes. The troughs and the circles beneath can be obliterated by making a delicate incision on the lower eyelid—almost completely invisible to the hawkiest eye—and pulling up the skin. Through the same incision, if there are bags and puffs (often, by the way, hereditary), these excesses of fat are removed. Another incision on the upper lid not only smooths it, but shortens, too, and allows the eyes to open wider in a becoming big-eye illusion. (There is a popular misconception that, at this time, it is frequent practice to enlarge or change the eye-contour with slits at the sides. The most conservative and best medical opinion dismisses this step as a dangerous one, leading to an unfortunate medical situation which involves involuntary eye-watering, and reddening.) The so-called laugh lines at the sides will remain in but infinitely fainter. This operation is technically called blepharoplasty. Meloplasty is the big deal—that takes care of neck, chin, jawline and the planes of the cheeks. The incision is made over and behind the ears and across the back of the neck right up in the hairline, where it will certainly be hidden (it is a scar, however, and the surgeon will want you to know this)—and as invisible to the average eye as your tonsils. At the same time that extra jawline tissue is being taken away, the surgeon may redistribute the tissue in the cheeks to bring back the roundness that says *young* to the eye. Lines on the forehead? They will probably be left because the bone-structure there and lack of blood vessels make success doubtful, and the scar that would have to exist at the front hairline makes the process unworthwhile. The wrinkles that radiate around the mouth in some cases? These are not removed but become part of the whole plan for the face, are nearly ironed out when the jaw and chin are tightened.

Should a surgeon feel that the shape of a nose, or ears that wing out, or abysmal lack of chin

(Continued on page 217)

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Who Appreciate Only the FINEST

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ARE YOU ILLITERATE ABOUT MODERN ARCHITECTURE?

(Continued from page 181)

some time. Although his tall glass towers are supported on fairly conventional steel columns and beams, encased in concrete to comply with the building codes, he has for years applied vertical steel rails to the exteriors of these towers to *symbolize* structure. Shaped like I-beams, these rails hold up nothing much except themselves, but look as if they had some connection with the actual structure.

This cult of "expressing structure" through applied pilasters and porticos is about to receive quite a workout at New York's Lincoln Center. There, almost every building will be faced with arched porticos that do nothing but "decorate a plaza," as the great German neo-classicist of the early nineteenth century, Karl Friedrich Schinkel, once put it. Philip Johnson had no qualms whatever about going back to Schinkel when he designed his Fort Worth museum; he takes an almost sadistic delight in parading his eclecticism before his more purist (and utterly infuriated) contemporaries.

Indeed, some of the early pioneers of the modern movement must be turning in their graves. The great Auguste Perret, who was Le Corbusier's teacher some fifty years ago, used to say that "decoration always hides an error in construction." And Perret's contemporary, the Viennese Adolf Loos, once wrote an article which proved (at least to his satisfaction) that decoration was "a crime!" It has taken only fifty years to render Perret and Loos obsolete: by a quick twist of semantics, "decoration" has become "symbolism," and what was once a "crime" has been legitimized.

On occasion, the cult of "expressing" or "symbolizing" structure may take on almost surrealist aspects: some contemporary architects have become so fascinated by the amazing thin-shell vaults, arches, and hyperbolic paraboloids, developed by such brilliant engineers as the Mexican Felix Candela, that they have gone in for what can best be described as "imaginary structures"—structures that *look*, superficially, like Candela's graceful shells, but in reality violate every known principle of engineering and could not stand up, unassisted, long enough to last out the dedication ceremonies. These violent convolutions in concrete and metal actually need and have concealed "assistant structures" or "sub-structures" to keep them from toppling over in the spring breeze. Perhaps the high point of this structural craze was reached at the Brussels World's Fair of 1958. There, almost every other pavilion was a startling display of structural gymnastics, each a little more hysterical than its neighbour. At last, Auguste Perret's dictum had been totally paraphrased to read: "*Construction* always hides an error in construction!"

By now, most of our "structural exhibitionists" have calmed down: they have learned to let the engineers tell them the rules of the shell-game and use the new forms with increasing discretion. Such architects as I. M. Pei, Gordon Bunshaft, John Johansen, and Victor Christ-Janer have demonstrated not only that shells, domes, arches, and so forth are fine in their places—but that their places are not everywhere.

Quite a few modern architects, on the other hand, do not really believe that "expressing structure" is all-important. Because most of the cost of a building goes into services (like heating, air conditioning, and plumbing), these men have begun to "express services" rather than structural forms. The outstanding exponent of this approach is Louis Kahn, the remarkable, sixty-year-old Philadelphia architect whose new Richards Medical Research Building at the University of Pennsylvania is an astonishing complex of brick, concrete, and glass, dominated by a series of tall brick shafts that contain all the elaborate services required by research labs. These great shafts are as vigorous as the towers of San Gimigniano (which Kahn admires greatly), and while they contain the services which they are meant to symbolize, they also dramatize those services in a way that no cost-accountant could possibly justify.

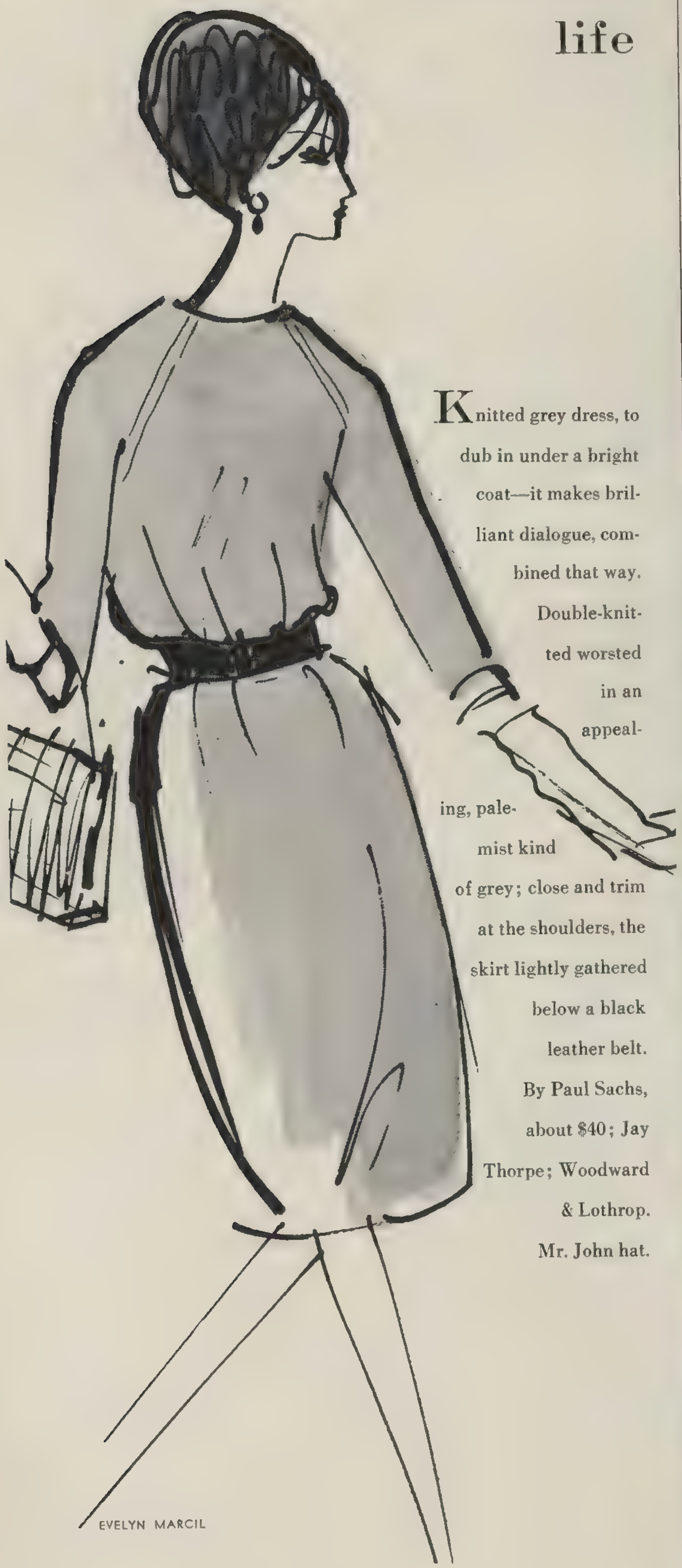
The Blue Cross Building in Boston, by Paul Rudolph, the head of Yale's School of Architecture, is another attempt to "express services": the air-conditioning ducts of this building have been applied to the façade (rather than concealed within), and these ducts rise to the full height of the structure looking, for all the world, like small concrete columns. (So that we now have a further paraphrase of Perret's dictum: "Construction sometimes conceals a maze of ductwork. . . .") Undoubtedly, there will be more buildings that "express services" rather than structure, for both Kahn and Rudolph influence their peers. Indeed, we may soon see buildings with mail chutes, telephone wires, pneumatic tubes, and soft drink dispensers all applied to, or expressed on the outside. Or we may not; for there are many who agree with Mies van der Rohe who said, recently, that "you can't make architecture out of pipes."

While no architect has ever been able to define beauty to anybody else's complete satisfaction, some modernists have tried very hard indeed. Edward D. Stone, whose screens of concrete grillwork are famous from New Delhi to his native Fayetteville, Arkansas, speaks quite lyrically in his charming, southern voice when describing his own romantic pavilions. Minoru Yamasaki, the Detroit architect, who talks about harmony and serenity, manages to achieve them in his delicate temples of precast concrete. And there are other beauty-seekers of similar eloquence.

But there are some modernists who deride the beauty-seekers and say that their buildings are pretty rather than beautiful. One English critic, Dr. Reyner Banham, has called some of the beauty-seekers the "ballet school" of American architecture; and other critics are less polite, muttering darkly about "exterior decoration" and other offenses against purity. Louis Kahn (who is *very* polite) feels that it is more important for a building to have "character" than to have beauty—an argument brazenly stolen from the sisterhood of spinsters; Mies van der Rohe believes that if a building represents "truth" it will also be beautiful—*his* argument having been borrowed from the equally chaste beliefs of St. Augustine. Le Corbusier, since 1945, has been

(Continued on page 218)

Knitting directed to the under-coat life



Knitted grey dress, to dub in under a bright coat—it makes brilliant dialogue, combined that way. Double-knitted worsted in an appealing, palemist kind of grey; close and trim at the shoulders, the skirt lightly gathered below a black leather belt. By Paul Sachs, about $40; Jay Thorpe; Woodward & Lothrop. Mr. John hat.

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The costume under the costume

(More of the ideas on pages 166-172)



EVELYN MARCIL



More about the new from-the-skin-out school of costuming—the lingerie colours that are cued to what's on in the clothes world, the lingerie shapes that line up smoothly with the new shapes in fashion. The shading here: cool, water-coloured blues and greens—good undertones for the new aubergine, for tile reds, dark browns, black.
Above: A reedy print in blues and greens laced with lilac and brush-stroked on white. Light-control girdle of Lycra power net with self-panelling, front and back; about $11. For gently rounded contours, a cotton brassière; about $5. Both by Olga at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.
Left: Slip that has the lowdown on the new flared skirts; in a cool, pale blue-green with no frillery to disturb the smooth lines of jersey dresses. Of nylon tricot; sheer nylon lines the bodice, is doubled in the flounce. By Seamprufe of Stevens fabric, about $9. At Macy's; Wanamaker's, Phila.

"THE IMAGINED IMAGE"

(Continued from page 213)

have created a trauma, he will probably suggest that changes be made in separate surgery. Rhinoplasty (nose-fixing) is the most widely accepted of all aesthetic surgery since it leaves no scars of any kind, has general moral acceptance although there is still the critic whose own eyes can readily accept a real-life Cyrano, who blandly says "But I *liked* that funny nose," and who has no idea of the enormous psychological damage that lovable disfigurement may have created. (One young man was so destroyed by the idea of his unshapely nose that he refused to come out in the sunlight, took a night job, and after corrective surgery switched to a day job and from an intro- to an extrovert.) Ears are not much of a problem for most women, but many a bat-eared small boy is being saved from the ego-crippling taunts of other small boys by ear-flattening surgery.

If the wished-for image involves multiple corrections, almost all doctors prefer to do this surgery in sessions a few days or weeks apart. They can be arranged to suit the convenience of both patient and doctor, and the surgery itself is done under local anaesthetic. No—this is not painful (one trained nurse who had the operation pointed out that being uncomfortable was never part of her plan, added a Canadian Club to the sedation given—and the next day "I switched to a rum swizzle and never felt a twinge"). The doctor on the other hand will want you to know that you *will* feel the needles (new techniques born in the last four years have cut the number needed) and that you will be conscious, with pads over your eyes in meloplasty. He will tell you, too, that while your post-operative reactions can be almost nothing, there can be swelling and some black and blueness for a time, but new techniques have helped here, too, lessening these symptoms. Should you try to make a stand for a general anaesthetic you may find that your doctor is strongly opposed to the idea. On the other hand, in many medical centres in England, general anaesthesia is popular.

After the physiological facts are laid on the desk, the psychological side is turned up for a look. For one thing, it's not an operation to have because you're feeling "down." It's for realists. Many doctors speak of "adjustment" to the new image, and one celebrated surgeon is particularly fascinated by whether his patients will say freely, to their friends, that they've had their faces lifted. He's interested to know—mostly because he feels "telling" proves they're not Puritans, but realists with a proper view of aesthetics. Telling the husband ahead of time is a mandate with most surgeons; in fact, they tell the man themselves. One husband, opposed at first to the whole idea, reports "I pointed out that what I most admired was a woman who could grow old gracefully. The doctor made me see that age per se hasn't a great deal of charm, that there is no particular virtue in putting up with unattractiveness, and that a drooping chinline, wrinkles and a sagging jaw are grace*less*, not grace*ful*."

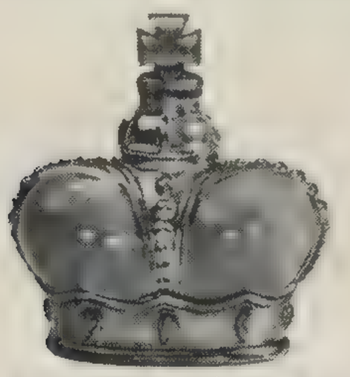
Telling the world in general is, of course, a highly personal decision. Exuberant types, who make their own climate of opinion, often enjoy telling, in fact frequently become missionaries, determined to spread the tidings and share the wealth, and their telling has been valuable. One more reserved type said: "If anyone wants to hear, I'll tell." However, many a woman is still too riddled with apprehension about what They will think to talk, and They do say (virtue often has a sharp tongue) that the woman who has this operation is self-centred, vain, possibly neurotic. Hampered by being on the defensive, the owner of a new face is seldom *able* to reply with the truth: that the operation is usually a gesture *toward* others, that it represents an affirmative not a negative attitude and that, not neurotic, it is, conversely, healthily hopeful. Nor do these women have the time to wonder whether someone who takes such a virulent stand against improvement might herself prefer to live in a "dream untroubled by hope."

As more and more women change by surgery, the ranks of these scoffers will be thinned just as they were when everyone openly took to lipstick and then everyone to hair colouring. In fact, the wide-spreading of this operation could, just possibly will, produce a distinctly new kind of charmer —the woman who borders on the ideal image—with all the raw edges of youth rubbed off, with a nice load of acquired wisdom and a face that's an extremely pleasant place for the eye to rest. She could be quite a combo.





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WIND SONG
by PRINCE MATCHABELLI

ARE YOU ILLITERATE ABOUT MODERN ARCHITECTURE?

(*Continued from page 214*)

working exclusively in *béton brut*, and some of his many admirers have decided to call themselves the "New Brutalists," producing buildings deliberately violent in form and deliberately crude in surface and detail. To the "New Brutalists," as to Louis Kahn, beauty is to be found in the virile ruthlessness of their buildings—or, to coin a phrase, "beauty is ugliness." This, one feels, is the Marlon Brando school of modern architecture. (The "New Brutalists" in Japan have spoiled everybody's fun, because it is absolutely impossible for Japanese craftsmen to build *im*perfectly—hence, the "New Brutalist" architecture around Tokyo and Kyoto turns out to be rather pretty.)

The "New Brutalists" are, of course, a perfectly serious group: they bear some relation to the "Action Painters" of the New York School and to the "Angry Young Men" of the English stage. They believe that a building bearing the imperfect imprint of man's hand—rather than the impersonal imprint of a rolling mill—can speak more forcefully than a too polished building. Unhappily, however, some men's hands are clumsier than others. While a "Brutalist" building by Le Corbusier, Kahn, or the young Japanese genius, Kenzo Tange, may have the grandeur of an Easter Island head, a "Brutalist" building by a second-rater can look like the back of the A & P.

But the central problem of American architecture is no longer the individual building, but the entire city and its environs. Recently, one American critic started to talk about "Chaoticism" as a movement in architecture in this country. "Chaoticism" is, of course, not a movement—it is a non-movement. It is the by-product of an apparent absence of civilization. Every new highway built across our land seems to be an invitation to string out more honky-tonk developments. Too often, new space opened in the cities seems to invite further vulgarity.

More and more architects of the younger generation in this country are trying to do something to halt this blight, to create a civilized, even beautiful American townscape. The first step, to them, is simply to create a sense of order, without which neither civilization nor beauty seems attainable. These younger men have approached the problem in two ways: some consider every new building on their draughting boards an element within an architectural "continuity," and consider what each new building will do to existing structures and spaces nearby. Others have concentrated upon broader projects of city planning and urban renewal—projects that will take five or ten years to come to fruition.

A good example of "continuity" is Paul Rudolph's new Arts Center for Wellesley, which duplicates the scale of older campus buildings nearby, uses some of the same materials, and contains a number of details that *recall* those of the neo-Gothic campus without copying them. Another example is Saarinen's complex of dormitories at Yale, modern in fact but not in feeling, designed in a vaguely mediaeval pattern that recalls the ramparts of Harlech Castle—and some of the neo-Gothic romanticism of older buildings on the Yale campus. (The "ivy" on this Ivy League campus will be provided by the Sardinian-born sculptor, Tino Nivola, and it should be something to see.) Among such younger New Orleans architects as Nataniel Curtis and Arthur Davis, the buildings of the French Quarter and the Garden District have served as a powerful inspiration: colonnades, porticos, balconies, grilles of iron or tile reappear, admitting their debt to the past.

In short, wherever modern architects congregate, the talk is not about Perret, Loos, or the Bauhaus—but about Schinkel, San Gimigniano, mediaevalism, pilasters, St. Augustine, decoration, and similar heresies. Only the jerry-builders in cities and suburbs still talk about functionalism.

Unlike these jerry-builders, whose deplorable mark is on every U.S. street, the younger idealists in urban renewal and city planning do not yet have much to show for their efforts. It takes a long time to raze and rebuild a sizable portion of an old, dilapidated city—it takes a long time, that is, if you care about what you are doing. Among those who care is Edmund Bacon, the effective head of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission, who was trained at the Cranbrook School in Michigan by Eero Saarinen's great father, Eliel. Bacon and his chief architect, Willo von Moltke, together with their assistants, have begun to change the face of Philadelphia dramatically over the past ten years—and the change will become more dramatic in the next ten. Harry Weese, the Chicago architect, who was trained by Finland's Alvar Aalto, is another dedicated renewer of cities (his plans include a part of Washington, D. C.); John Carl Warnecke, trained by Gropius at Harvard, is now busy trying to renew San Francisco and environs—the "environs," in this case, encompass areas of Honolulu; and New York's I. M. Pei works on urban renewal in almost every part of the country.

Unhappily, these excellent, idealistic architects and planners have made hardly a dent on the great face of the U.S. The reason is simple enough: so long as unbridled speculation in land is perfectly legitimate, most of our building will be shaped not by considerations of aesthetics or urban design, but by considerations of tax accountancy and rapid return on investment. The basic decision that must be made by Americans is whether they want their land to be used for the making of money or for the making of a civilization. Perhaps the two objectives can be attained jointly.

To many an investment builder, good architects are anathema—and for perfectly valid reasons: such architects think, and thinking takes time. Hacks are safe, fast, cheap, and untroubled by ideas. Meanwhile, exhibitions of outstanding, new American architecture are admired all over the world, and foreign magazines praise these new American architects in every issue. By comparison, the work of the hacks looks duller and sleazier every day. Unfortunately, it is also more numerous every day.

Still, the new American architects continue, with the zeal of missionaries. It has been said that it took this country close to two hundred years to create a workable political system, and that the next step is to create a civilization. These new architects have that sense of historic mission, and men with that sense are dangerous and hard to stop.

"BEYOND THE FRINGE"

(Continued from page 159)

cumbersome vehicle, depending as it does on a group of highly trained runners carrying it into enemy territory. . . . How many people in our great country can run a mile in four minutes?" . . . There's Miller as Lord Nelson dying between decks—was it awfully narrow? and did he say "Kiss me, Hardy" or "Kismet, Hardy?" Did Hardy *shatter* Nelson by not knowing Kismet and bravely facing up to unpredicted travail? Presumably, the seas were high, and the hornpipe feeble.

Au courant again, the Fringe boys analyze the booksellers in Charing Cross, and customers for such volumes as *The History of Flogging*—some, the sellers conclude, are "your just straight warped category." Straight, unwarped, and relentlessly direct, these four brainboats almost run the risk of confusing the squares. The English critics find it impossible to resist such party comments as: "You know they're really at their best when you get them off-stage." Not best, maybe, but alarmingly good. Jonathan Miller, for instance, who's a serious, practising doctor, may tell sweet or crisis stories about his patients, many of these bought whole and printed by American journalists. Actually, he's a pathologist; and the "patients," well beyond the mortal fringe. As his Cambridge cohort, Peter Cook put it, "It's bad when they don't say anything that way."

Besides Cook, the only theatre man in this covey, there are Dudley Moore, composer and jazzman (one of the few people in the world who can make a musical joke) and Alan Bennett, a tutor in history three days a week at Magdalen College, Oxford. Bennett obviously needs to be watched. And watched good. His fundamentalist sermon, "But my brother Esau is an hairy man, but I am a smooth man," is the stuff, it seems for a bit, that Movements are made of. After that, well after that, the audience fragments uproariously without knowing quite what devious moral has been struck. (Oh, Ken Tynan claims to know, but just let him prove it.)

All of this, by the way, is so many cucumber sandwiches beside *Fringe's* two demonstrations of untampered genius—what they do with Shakespeare (indescribable except for smoke bombs and a dying swordsman who seems to writhe both upstairs *and* down) and the sort of untraditional blanket tossing they've wrapped up for Prime Minister Macmillan. Peter Cook's special baby, this turn catches the PM on TV, occasionally spinning a globe with a strangely nervous calm; answering letters from old Scottish persons ("As one old Scottish old-age pensioner to another, be of good cheer. There are many people in this country who are worse off than yourself, and it is the policy of the Conservative Party to see that this position is maintained."), and commenting on the way of the world and man's inhumanity to man. Cook varies this with almost every performance. After Kennedy's visit to London, for example, he fell with snorts of glee on Macmillan's comment, "It was agreed that our conversation would be private. If I were to publish afterwards what we said, then the conversations would not be private." It got into the act the same night it appeared in the evening papers.

This sort of lightning study appears to be par for the course with the *Fringe* four, who do indeed find it difficult to stop improvising. Throughout their press interviews they reel out an effortless twine of parody, playing reporters more easily than one might play a rather languid salmon. Having staggered London with a sharp, nothing-sacred satire that is actually just as reviving to the American ear as it is to the British, they will open this month or next a "much tougher show," at a Greek Street night place they've chosen to call The Establishment. With luck, New York should have a share of their charm by the autumn of 1962.



IN MY REPERTOIRE:

Eleven recipes from spareribs to moules

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW WITH RUTH NORMAN

I know a girl called Solveg who has the right idea.

I met her by chance. A friend of mine called me up and asked me to come to dinner to meet his cousin. Now if there is one thing I have learned in a long life it is never to go to dinner to meet anybody's cousin, so I must have been trapped into this—in any case I went.

Solveg was a dandy surprise. She was young, she was blond, she was exceedingly pretty, and she was doing the cooking. Or so she said. She wandered around the apartment with a wooden spoon in one hand and a Martini in the other, chattering amiably, but only very occasionally going into the kitchen to give something a poke. I remember I paused to wonder once or twice what we were going to have, because no matter what gentilities may be in store, I like to eat first.

I need not have worried. In time she brought forth a beef Stroganoff, and an excellent one. There was a great deal of it, too, and a salad and a bottle of wine. I ate and ate.

Well. Solveg has some vague job with a music company and it turned out, later, that she had a tape I wanted to hear. So it was arranged that I was to come around to her house the next week for dinner and a listen.

I went. And after the same scene with the wooden spoon and the Martini, she brought forth—a beef Stroganoff.

"Good," I said. "You remembered how I liked it."

"I must tell you something," Solveg said. "Beef Stroganoff is the only thing I know how to cook. I mean that. I can not cook anything else. Not anything. Nothing."

"How come?"

"I do not believe in cooking at my age. But my mother insisted I learn how to make one dish in case of emergency."

"Emergency," I said, "what emergency?"

"The only emergency," she said, pouring out the wine. "When I am not taken out to dinner."

"Ah," I said.

"A girl has only a few years to get taken out. When she is thirty, I should think, it is all over. *Then* is the time for the gracious life to begin—making hollandaise and all that horror."

"I guess you're right," I said.

"It is a very bleak prospect," Solveg said, "to think you will have to spend all your time in the kitchen with wild rice and chicken breasts. I refuse to anticipate it."

"You have a point."

"I know a hundred restaurants in New York. Any one of them is preferable to home. Some are more preferable than others, of course. Chambord, for instance. . . ."

"All right," I said. "Next time I'll take you out."

"Good," Solveg said. "Still, Mother was very wise. I think everyone should know how to make one dish."

It was a phase of cooking that had not occurred to me. Yet there must be thousands of people who normally blanch at the sight of a skillet but who would—secretly perhaps—like to be able to cook one thing.

So we have arranged a one-dish repertoire: none is very difficult, yet each will give the impression that you know what you are doing. Beef Stroganoff, I might add, is not among them. I've had enough of that.

Someone once said that money can not buy happiness, but that is, I believe, a cynical remark when you consider this first dish.

It is a dish for a man to make. I had thought to recommend it to lechers, but that is hardly necessary: any man who makes it, adds a simple salad and a bottle of champagne, will automatically *be* a lecher.

At first sight this may seem complicated but actually it couldn't be simpler.

FILLET OF BEEF WITH FOIE GRAS

Buy a four-pound short loin fillet of beef and a lavish amount of *pâté de foie gras*. Have the butcher prepare the beef—trimmed of hard fat and tissues. Heat your oven to 450 degrees, then roast the fillet in it for twenty-five minutes. When it is done, take it out and slice it almost through—you should have seven or eight slices.

Between each slice spread a liberal amount of the *foie gras,* then push the fillet back together again and place it under the broiler just long enough to get hot.

If you want to be fancy you can serve this with some artichoke hearts and some small whole potatoes browned in butter.

And you really should have a béarnaise sauce to serve over the fillet. Here's how you do that.

Cook together:

1 cup tarragon vinegar and 1 tablespoon dried tarragon
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion or shallot
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of black pepper

You must boil this until it is reduced by one third. Now strain it into the top of a double boiler. Now beat the yolks of six eggs and add it to the vinegar. Melt a half-pound of butter and pour it slowly into the egg-vinegar mixture, beating constantly. You don't want this sauce to boil, just heat. So watch out. If you like you may add a dash of cayenne or Tabasco.

VITELLO TONNATO

3 pounds veal cutlet
1 quart white wine
2 cans tuna fish and oil
12 anchovy fillets
2 cloves chopped garlic
3 sprigs parsley
¼ cup olive oil
1 sour pickle, cut-up
1 chopped onion

(Continued on page 221)

Salt and pepper to taste

For the sauce:
Pan juices
2 tablespoons capers
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
Have your butcher slice two cutlets across the leg, flatten, roll, and tie them. Put the meat in a pot which is just large enough for it, and which has a tight cover. Add all of the above ingredients except those for the sauce. Bake covered at 350 degrees until tender—about two hours. A meat thermometer will read 170 degrees. Let it cool in the pot, then remove meat to a platter, and slice. Strain the juices from the pot and beat in the lemon juice and mayonnaise, add the capers, pour over veal. Serve cold. (Or you may blend the pan juices unstrained with the lemon juice and mayonnaise in your blender and add the capers to the sauce.)

Garnish the platter with hard-boiled egg halves, tiny pickles, and water cress, and serve with a dish of rice.

SPARERIBS AND SAUERKRAUT

An idiot could make this.

3 pounds spareribs
3 pounds sauerkraut, fresh or canned
4 apples
4 potatoes
1 cup water
Wash and drain the sauerkraut. Peel and slice the apples and potatoes—thick slices. Put a layer of sauerkraut in the bottom of your roasting pan. Then a layer of apples, top them with kraut, then the potatoes, more kraut, season with salt and pepper, and then on top of all this, place the spareribs. Pour on a cup of water, cover, and bake at 325 degrees, for three and a half to four hours. The ribs should be tender enough to munch. Serves four.

DOUBLE LAMB CHOPS WITH BAKED POTATOES AND BROILED TOMATOES

In case that idiot doesn't like sauerkraut here is something else for him/her.

Right on the broiler rack place as many double lamb chops as you will need with as many tomatoes cut in half as you will want and a suitable number of large mushroom caps.

Shove your lamb chops, et cetera, under the flame—not too close—and after about five minutes take a look to see if the lamb chops look done. If they do, turn them over and brown them on the other side.

When they're finished put everything on a warm platter and take it to the table.

Of course this is the simplest possible way. If you would like to be a touch fancier you might chop a few onions finely and spread them over the tomatoes—which, by the way, should have a dot of butter upon them.

As for the baked potatoes, wash as many as you need, rub them with bacon grease, bake at 350 degrees for an hour.

When they are done, split them and stuff with butter.

TROUT POACHED IN WHITE WINE

6 trout (the frozen kind come two to a package—sell for about 90c)
1 medium onion or 3 shallots, chopped
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
2 cups dry white wine
½ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper
Melt the butter, sauté the onion until limp, place the trout on this and add the wine, some salt and pepper. Bake the fish in a hot oven, 450 degrees, until done—flaky—about ten minutes.

Remove the fish to a hot platter. Mix the flour with enough water to make a paste and add it to the liquid in the pan. Now cook this, on top of the stove, until thickened. Then add the cream and parsley and reheat. Finally pour the sauce over the fish. Serves four to six.

CHICKEN IN CHAMPAGNE SAUCE

2 large chicken breasts
6 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon oil
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons cream
1 cup champagne
Salt and pepper
Have your butcher bone two large chicken breasts, cut them in two, and flatten somewhat. Brown them in the butter and oil on both sides, then cook them for fifteen minutes uncovered. Remove them to a hot platter. Add the champagne and lemon juice to the butter in the pan and cook until this mixture is reduced by half. Then add the cream and heat, don't boil the sauce. Season with a little salt and pepper. Pour over the chicken and sprinkle with the parsley. Serves four meagerly.

(Continued on page 223)

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IN MY REPERTOIRE

(Continued from page 221)

Of course drink the rest of the champagne with this.

BROILED SCALLOPS

Buy three quarters of a pound of scallops for each person. And don't bother with bays—sea scallops are perfect for this.

Spread out the scallops in a large shallow baking pan—Pyrex is ideal.

At least two hours before you are ready to cook, squeeze a couple of lemons over them. Dot them with butter and give them a good grind of fresh black pepper.

Let them sit in this juice—not in the refrigerator—until about fifteen minutes before you wish to eat. Then shove them under broiler. You may turn them once after about seven or eight minutes, but even this is not necessary.

Serve them with tartar sauce and lots of coleslaw. And you might add some bright green string beans to this menu, or your dinner will look a little pale.

For anyone who thinks he doesn't like scallops—give this a try—they have no connection with the tough, bullet-like fried variety. A most excellent dish.

SUKIYAKI (WITH RICE)

1 pound sirloin of beef cut into paper-thin strips
1 onion sliced thin
1 bunch sliced scallions
1 cup bamboo shoots sliced thin
2 cups mushrooms sliced thin
½ tablespoon sugar
¼ cup Japanese soy sauce (Kikko Man is a good one)
¼ cup sherry
½ cup beef broth

If you have an electric skillet this is good—and a good-looking dish to do at the table. If you haven't, well, use a regular one. But it must be large.

So: heat and grease the skillet with a tablespoon of oil. Add one half of the onions and stir, add the meat and stir until it is seared on both sides. Then push the meat to one side, add the sherry, the beef broth, the sugar, the soy sauce, and the vegetables and stir fry for about four minutes.

Make rice for this. You will find directions on any box of it. And, of course, some clear tea.

ROAST DUCK WITH A BIGARADE SAUCE

1 large duck—5 to 6 pounds
Salt and pepper

Wipe the duck with paper towels and sprinkle the cavity with salt and pepper. Roast. For roasting it the simplest thing to do is this: remove the broiler pan and its rack from the bottom of your stove, place the duck on the rack and put the whole thing into the oven. (If you can't do this, be sure you roast the duck on a rack in a shallow pan. There must be no sides.) Cook now for three hours in a slow oven—350 degrees.

For the sauce: When the duck is done put it on a hot platter—or better still, put it in another pan and leave it in a warm oven, then remove the rack from the roasting pan and skim off the fat you will find in that pan. Frankly, you will have to remove a good deal of that fat.

Now on top of the stove, over very low heat, stir into your remaining drippings about a half teaspoon of flour or cornstarch. Add two teaspoons of sugar and one tablespoon of wine vinegar. Stir all this up and add the juice of an orange and a half lemon.

Again blend all of this and add three or four thin strips of orange peel and about a tablespoon each of grated orange and lemon rind.

Unless you are an expert, you had better slice the duck breasts and disjoint the legs in the kitchen.

Now finally pour over the sauce and decorate your platter with some water cress.

CASSOULET

4 cups white beans (the canned variety), drained; or if you can't find canned, soak dry ones overnight.
½ pound coarse sausage (Italian or Polish) sliced ½ inch thick
½ pound lean bacon, cut up
2 pounds breast of lamb, cut up for stew
2 tomatoes, chopped
2 large onions, chopped
1 clove garlic
Butter

First: cover the lamb with salted water and simmer until tender, approximately an hour. Drain the meat and reserve the liquid. Take the bones out of the lamb.

In a skillet brown the sausage lightly in butter. Remove it and put it in the bowl with the lamb. Cook the bacon in the same skillet. When it is crisp, remove it and put it with the lamb.

(Continued on page 227)



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More about the new ways

to wear your hair—

in

OCTOBER 1, VOGUE



MORE NEWS ABOUT BEAUTY

(Continued from page 204)

No cosmetic ever made it on the cleverness of its packaging alone; clearly, it's what's inside that counts. Still, we're full of admiration for the idea of putting make-up into tubes. For one thing, it's such a tidy way to handle the stuff. For another, tubes are such portable objects. And, since some of the best new make-ups are being packaged in this convenient way, our applause is unqualified. Estée Lauder, to name one recent convert to tubes, has a splendid new matte-finish preparation called Hydro-Tone Complete Make-up, which is, as the name implies practically self-sufficient. Not only does this tinted liquid combine foundation and powder, there are lubricants and vitamins working here as well.

John Robert Powers' new Grand Illusion Matte Make-up is formulated along similar principles, and comes in a pretty staggering number of colours. Which oughtn't to throw anybody into an agony of indecision: the Powers berth at almost any shop is equipped with something known as a Beauty Lens, through which the Powers' consultant determines your skin tone, and the shade of Grand Illusion that would make it happiest. Color in Crème by Michel won't be around till October, but this latest foray into the tubes is well worth noting in advance. Apart from about a dozen shades of foundation, there are also rouge, mascara, eye shadow, liner—all, of course, in tubes.

The experts who devise facial masques presumably never sleep: news is constantly brewing in this area, and most of it is very, very good. Fresh Beauty is Max Factor's contribution, and what it's out to do is to snatch away any trace of fatigue, and replace it with a look of moistness, smoothness—and rest. It stays on the skin—a thin veil of coolness—ten minutes; peels off in strips. At Scandia, they are also bent on proving that, although you may be a seethe of tensions inside, the face you present to the world can look as though you hadn't a care. The masque they've elected to do the job is called Sculptone, is as clear as water, and—for all its firming, cleansing, toning efficiency—is mild enough to be used around the eyes.

No one, of course, should expect masque-benefits to last beyond twenty-four hours. If you do, you're barking up the wrong course of action entirely. More permanent effects require more elaborate techniques. And one of the finest of these is being practised in New York by Elizabeth Ungar. Miss Ungar, whose fame is based on the spectacular results she's had in improving the skin's tone and texture through electrical impulses, is also deeply involved these days in a skin reconditioning process that she calls "controlled peeling." Primarily, the treatment is aimed at women whose skin has suffered, in Miss Ungar's words, "summer damage." But this is a catch-all that includes blotchiness, toughness, freckles, muddiness, brown spots, in fact, superficial blemishes and discolourations of many kinds. And whether or not they've been caused by the sun, the point is what Miss Ungar can do about them. The record shows: a great deal. What Miss Ungar is after are the imperfections that clutter the surface of the skin—the several-layered epidermis, beneath which the skin cells are busily renewing themselves. Peel off this abused epidermis, Miss Ungar holds, and what emerges is a clear, fresh skin. The actual peeling is a gradual, deliberately slow process, accomplished with a non-acid cream of boiled-icing consistency, the strength of which is determined by the skin-type under treatment. Every day for five days, the cream is slathered on for periods of anywhere from a half-hour (for extremely dry, sensitive skin) to an hour-and-a-half. At the end of this time, Miss Ungar removes the cream with an astringent, applies a medicated make-up, and sends you on your way with nothing more alarming than a pleasantly tingling sensation (which disappears in about thirty minutes), and an admonition to leave your face alone—for the duration of the peeling, soap, water, powder or make-up (other than the foundation that Miss Ungar applies) are out. No blistering or inflammation occurs, though your skin will probably look a little darker than usual, and considerably rougher—after all, it's being systematically dried. There is now a two-day hiatus (a hiatus undisturbed by washing, incidentally), and on the eighth day you return to the Ungar fold for the moment of truth. Using a pair of tweezers, "I simply peel off the old flaky layer like an orange," she said, and added, with

(Continued on page 227)

THE MARQUISE'S HOLY MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 157)

Tudor, Dean John, kept a Revolutionary War diary in which, in April, 1775, he modestly wrote: "Fine weather but terable News from Lexington, just after 6 this morning we had a rumer that the 1000, some said 1,200 Regular soldiers that marched oute of Boston privately last night had kil'd 30 men of Lexington who were exercising. . . . I forebare at present a farther Acct & leave it to som faithfull Historian to tell the dismay story to posterity."

The Marquise's cousin Delia was the mother of Ireland's Charles Stewart Parnell, and her Aunt Sophie was a Polish countess. Named Elizabeth after the Tudor queen, the Marquise changed her name to Elsa for her favourite Wagnerian heroine when she went to Paris to become a singer. "My voice was too light for the great rôles," she said. "I became a dancer and my mother wouldn't permit me to dance in the Folies-Bergère. Then I became a pianist but I fell in love and was married."

The handsome Count Dedons de Pierrefeu died in World War I, leaving his New England countess (she became Dowager Marquise by succession only five years ago) with four small children whom she brought to America. She had arrived at her peace convictions through sorrow, and the Holy Mountain with its surcease of killing was a memorial to her love.

One ominously brooding day when hurricane warnings were coming over the radio I drove to her pink fairy-tale candy house. The high pressure had given her a headache and she was reclining. In a violet dress on an aquamarine chaise, she was a creation by Colette. Her delft eyes glistened, her heart-shaped face was youthful and soft, her blond-grey hair was tied with the usual ribbon. Around her were five vases of roses and a bouquet of lilies. I was surprised at how small she was. Standing with regal womanly elegance, she seemed tall. She had been thinking, she said, about love, "that still white flame that burns forever in the secret heart."

"Ah," she said, and it was like Colette sighing, "to have known passionate love and be separated from it by death is heartbreaking. But real love can not be broken nor can death cancel it. After you have become one with eternal love, life needs no longer be lonely. My friend, you are still young. Love vehemently, with all your heart and soul. Love is all that life really is." She chided me for what she called my "egocentric interest in pretty women." She said, "Don't you demand anything but physical good looks? Don't you know that sometimes plain women are more passionate?"

We drank white Bordeaux wine and ate oatmeal cookies while we waited out the storm. It was no hurricane but an electrical cannonade with rain. Sitting there, I saw a minute red ant climb into the cookie plate. I made a move to crush it, and the Marquise stopped me. She rose from her lounge, picked up the tiny ant and carried it to the door to release it outdoors. The storm had thinned the air and cooled the earth and the Marquise was feeling better.

Two evenings later on the Holy Mountain I had a summer's night fête. About forty friends came, artists from MacDowell Colony, students from Cambridge, neighbours from Hancock. We drank Martinis at Hunding's Hut and then carried supper and wine to the birch meadow on the lake, where a pair of new aluminum gates glistened like silver in the light of a full moon. We danced on the grass and a student, gifted both musically and linguistically, sang with a guitar songs of Norway, Denmark, Israel, France, and Germany. The forest glowed with mysterious lights. The birches were mints of flashing coins and the silhouettes of firs took the shapes of castles. Clearly it was the time of night when "everyone lets forth his sprite."

Suddenly, with a soft cry, a girl slid into the water and swam into the mists. A strange madness swept over my guests. Like lemmings following a secret urge, making strange cries, they fell pell-mell into the water or pursued one another into the forest.

I was left alone. Softly I heard a new sound, a long flute-like trill in descending scale. I got up, enchanted, to follow the call into the silvery forest. I fought through tangles of briers and stumbled on branches and stones, beckoned by the liquid-toned melody. From the darkness came another music, that of running water. I came to a cliff and climbed its steep sides, coming at the top upon two trees, a birch and a pine, embracing, their roots tangled together in the same crevice, their trunks entwined, and, high above me, their branches interlocked. Before me was a misty canyon. I took a step forward and losing my footage I fell, down through branches and briers, on and on until I came to rest on a soft bed of moss. I lay under a sea of silvery cobwebs, listening to the hermit thrush singing more beautifully than nightingales I had heard in the marshes of the Po.

Someone called my name, plaintively, over and over, but I had not the will to answer. White nymphs dripping light from their flowing hair were plunging through the forest, pursued by gigantic green frogs. Brown tritons flashed in and out of the mists and a plain little lady stumbling in too-big shoes was overtaken by a Japanese wrestler covered with fish scales. Pink clouds soared like flamingos over the moon and a beautiful ondine rose from the water clutching to her breast, like Cleopatra's asp, a black leech.

I awoke in glittering dawn. I brushed the cobwebs from my face and looked around. I was surrounded by crumbling green-lichened stone walls that might have been the ruins of some ancient troglodyte's villa. Below me was the cascading stream, filled with clusters of red flowers which reflected in the water making the dark pine-canopied pools seem like pools of blood. Around me were goldenrod, blue gentians, white asters, and orange jewel flowers, and ferns which, when I stood up, were shoulder high. I was in a secret enchanted garden, the most beautiful I had ever seen. Suspended in the air above me on green fairy wings—fairy wings?—the dragonflies were making their suspended love. I looked into the sun and saw atoms move.

I climbed out of the canyon. On the lake the water was bright and clear as glass. I heard the chilling hoots of the loons, and there they were, alone on the waters, their heads swerving like periscopes, diving and emerging like submarines from another side of the lake. As I unlocked the gleaming gates I heard a scream and then laughter.

Outside in the back seat of a car a little girl cowered in terror; in the front two adults pointed to me and rocked with mirth.

"She kept asking, where

(Continued on page 230)



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FRANCE BY CAR

For motorists: six provincial French cities known for beauty, food, and wine

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Aubusson

Looking like a town in a tapestry, Aubusson, in a curl of the Creuse River, is one of the great artisan cities of France, and has been so since the tapestries of "The Lady and the Unicorn" were woven there in 1490. These masterworks are now 164 miles north in the Cluny Museum of Paris, but Aubusson has a museum, a tapestry exhibition, and thriving studios for looming Savonnerie carpets and Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries. In addition to ancient designs, there are superb modern tapestries from the cartoons of Lurçat, Gromaire, Dufy, and other artists, for sale in the Hôtel de Ville, on view from July 1 through September. For lunching, the Hôtel du Lion d'Or and the Hôtel de France both serve delicious river trout, truffles, *écrevisses à l'Américaine*, all good with the small wines of Auvergne: Saint-Pourçain, Rosé de Corent, Saint-Amable.

Felletin

Sibling jealousy exists between Aubusson and Felletin, seven miles south, where famous tapestries are also woven. At Felletin there are also architectural charms: the 1451 "Belltower of Lace" and a flamboyant Gothic church, Notre-Dame-du-Château. From Felletin the road winds over the high Plateau de Millevaches, where one rarely sees cows, but sometimes flocks of sheep tended by shepherds who pass the hours knitting. In this loneliness there is one touching monument to American airmen who here parachuted supplies to the waiting *maquis* in 1944.

Ascain

Within lunching range of Biarritz, and a mere five miles up from St.-Jean-de-Luz, Ascain counts all the beauties of a Pays Basque village: white houses with red or green shutters against a sweep of Pyrenees peaks, a church lined with wooden balconies centred with a hanging galleon, a *frontón* court where boys play the rugged ball-with-basket game, chisterra, and a flowered village square often used for dancing the *jota* to fife and drum. A pretty inn of thirty-two rooms, Etchola, has such names as Elizabeth Taylor and André Malraux inked in the guest book. There is a dark-beamed dining room or a feathery garden for eating such specialties as *piperade, homard à l'Américaine*, and *poulet sauté basquaise*, and for drinking such wines as the red Coteaux de Béarn and the yellow-gold Jurançon—the latter wine made famous by Henri IV, whose taste for it never diminished once it had been sprinkled on his infant lips.

Thoissey

Travellers to the Beaujolais country, an exclusive hilly stretch of vineyards south of Mâcon, might stop at Thoissey, a village on the river Saône. Here the hotel-restaurant, Le Chapon Fin, has sixteen delightful rooms, and one of the best tables in France. The owners, M. et Mme. Blanc, take positive pleasure in the appetite of their guests, urging them on to succulent frogs' legs sautéed with herbs, capon in creamy white wine sauce, *plateaux* of cheeses, and coils of *Crêpes Parmentier*. Counterpointing the food, chilled bottles of white Pouilly-Fuissé and prismatic ruby Beaujolais, *jeune, nerveux, fruité*, a wine best when aged three years, never *chambré*, always freshly cooled. The Beaujolais wines, Fleurie, Juliénas, and Thorins were the preferred wines of Lamartine, the French statesman and writer who cultivated wines at his Château Monceau, still visitable, near Mâcon. Appropriately, Madame de Pompadour loved the wine, Saint-Amour. Moulin-à-Vent, Brouilly, and Morgon are other famous marks of Beaujolais, *doux au palais*.

Vaison-la-Romaine

Vaison-la-Romaine shimmers in a Cézannesque landscape of Provence, but its real glory is Roman ruins, traces of the Provincia Romana of 200 B.C. There is a theatre—where theatre is given—ruins of ancient peristyles, paved streets, and mosaic floors banded in wild lavender, rosemary, and thyme. Built on the foundations of a Roman temple, a Merovingian church with twelfth-century cloisters has one of the earliest marble altarpieces in France. Arched as a cat's back, a Roman bridge spans the torrent, Ouvèze, connecting the town and the tawny-roofed mediaeval village, with its charming hillside hotel, Le Beffroi. To reach Vaison, (where the Hôtel d'Orient is comfortable), one drives about twenty miles north of Avignon through the "Plain of God," laced in green-gold vines, bordered by spiky mountains, *Les Dentelles de Gigondas* (which is also the name of a wine) past bony, sunburnt villages—eyries on the crests of hills. A periphery of Haute-Provence interest surrounds Vaison-la-Romaine: Mont Ventoux, the highest peak in Provence; Fontaine de Vaucluse, where Petrarch courted Laura; Carpentras, summer seat of the Popes of Avignon. Every village has its dappling of plane trees singing with cicadas, its regional food, garlicky and herbaceous, its heady Côte du Rhône wines.

Riquewihr

Riquewihr, an Alsatian jewel town, sparkles along the *route du vin*, a sinuous road among the tendrils of Sylvaner, Riesling, and Traminer vineyards. A migratory stop for storks who nest in the turreted gables of half-timbered houses, Riquewihr has hardly a building less than five hundred years old. Lining the cobbled streets are fountains, pottery shops, and wine cellars for tasting the pale light wines and the strong *eaux de vie:* Mirabelle, Kirsch, and Framboise—all particularly good with solid Alsatian food. At the restaurant, Écurie, an old stable, candlelit and congenial, the menu lists *foie gras*, onion tart, *charcuterie* with *choucroute*, light as angel's hair, trout, Münster cheese with cumin, and a delectable pastry, Kugelhoff. Just ten miles from Riquewihr lies Colmar and the small Unterlinden Museum filled with such great art beauties as the Issenheim retable, by Mathias Grünewald, and the Dominican retable, by Martin Schongauer. A pleasant place to lunch or dine here is the Maison des Têtes, a lacy seventeenth-century house famous for all good Alsatian dishes and all good Alsatian wines.

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Ogden, Utah.....L. R. Samuels
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Al Rosenthal's
Pasadena, Calif.....Bullock's Pasadena
Philadelphia, Pa.....John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.....Goldwaters
Pittsburgh, Pa..... Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.....Nicholas Ungar
Richmond, Va.....Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y.....B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.....Stix, Baer & Fuller
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Makoff's
San Antonio, Tex.....Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.....Joseph Magnin
Seattle, Wash.....Best's Apparel
Sioux City, Iowa.....Younker-Davidson's
Spokane, Wash.....Bernard's
Tucson, Ariz.....Albert Steinfeld's
Tulsa, Okla..... ..Woolf Brothers
Washington, D. C.....Julius Garfinckel

In Canada.....T. Eaton's

MORE NEWS ABOUT BEAUTY

(Continued from page 224)

the transparent delight of a woman who loves her work, "and there, before me, is that beautiful, beautiful new skin." The cost of all this is $175. And if you should decide, after a day or two, to embark on a week of electrical muscle-tightening, prepare to spend another $125. (At this point, frankly, it seems madness—to some women—not to follow Miss Ungar to the ends of the earth.)

A hyphenated wizard called Don-Lee is actually one young man who runs a small, unfrilled salon in New York, and who appears to exist solely for the cause of healthy problem-free hair. His treatment consists of eight to twelve sessions of about an hour each, and involves the following reconditioning details: first, a few minutes under an ultra-violet lamp to get the blood bustling around in the scalp-capillaries—he holds a sluggish circulation responsible for a multitude of hair-ills. Next—and for similar purposes—a really strenuous hand-massage (there may be a pair of defter hands than Don-Lee's, but having experienced their effectiveness, we strongly doubt it). What follows is Don-Lee's secret weapon—a water-soluble lotion containing various stimulants, fungicides, germicides, in a base of polyunsaturates. (This, and the fact that he's been using it for around twenty years—is the extent of what you'll learn from Don-Lee about his lotion.) It is, in any case, coaxed into the scalp by means of an electrically heated cap, left on for fifteen minutes, and the excess is removed with a brush. Following a session (which costs $4), your best bet is to head directly home or make a bee-line for the hairdresser. Aesthetics are no concern of Don-Lee's, and your hair will now want —in varying degrees of urgency— sloshings of water (no shampoo —it couldn't be cleaner), and a setting.

IN MY REPERTOIRE

(Continued from page 223)

Now in the bacon grease cook the chopped onions for a couple of minutes and add the chopped tomatoes and cook until the tomatoes are soft. Pour over these vegetables the water in which the lamb was simmered.

Rub an earthenware casserole with garlic. Into the bottom of it put the meats—the lamb, the sausage, the bacon. Over that put the four cups of white beans. On top pour the onion, tomato, lamb water mixture.

Now sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Grind some black pepper over all.

Put this in a 350 degree oven and bake for an hour. If you have used the dry beans—soaked, that is—you must bake the *cassoulet* for two hours.

All you need to eat with this is French bread and red wine, a salad and cheese—and maybe a chilled pear.

And by the way this dish is even better if it's a couple of days old. Simply take it out of the icebox, let it return to room temperature, then heat in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

MOULES MARINIÈRE

This is a dish you can have only if you live along the coast and can lay your hands on a quantity of mussels.

Let's say this is a recipe for two people: buy four pounds of mussels.

These must be thoroughly scrubbed—with a stiff brush, and no kidding, the beards removed. If you have bought any whose shells are open throw them away.

In your best-looking iron pot—which you can bring to the table—put the mussels, pour over them a couple of cups of good dry white wine, a pinch of thyme, a handful of chopped parsley, a tablespoon of chopped garlic, and a couple of tablespoons of chopped onions, or if you can get them, shallots. Put in also a couple of tablespoons of butter and a good dash of freshly-ground black pepper. Now put the pot over high heat and let it cook until the mussels have opened. This shouldn't be more than five or six minutes.

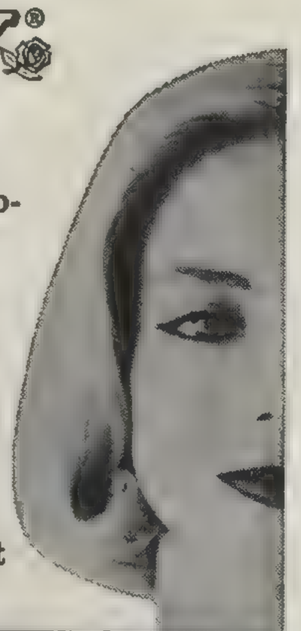
Bring the pot to the table and serve the mussels in soup plates. You use your fingers to eat, naturally, and you sop up the wine with big hunks of fresh French bread.

I said this would be enough for two people, but it's not really. Double everything.



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Mrs. Exeter plans for the presence of sleeves







No shortage of sleeves here; these fashions go as far as the elbow or farther (for not-so-young arms this much coverage can be the better part of valour —according to Mrs. Exeter). Mostly, the dresses come under cover of a jacket, can be worn with or without it, under furs or a good, bright wool coat.

Far left: Little black theatre suit—below jacket-level it's a dress with a shallow neckline and three-quarter-length sleeves. Black and green printed silk satin lines the jacket. By I. Doctor of worsted and silk (Chardon-Marché fabric). About $135. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neusteters.

Near left: Late-day dress, a long-stemmed black crêpe, the skirt lightly rippled with pleats. By I. Doctor of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Onondaga fabric), about $60. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neusteters.

Above, left: Knitted dark-blue day-look, the cardigan jotted with magenta, buttoned up over a dress (elasticized waist, short sleeves). By Young Viewpoint of knitted wool, about $65. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

Above, right: Black crêpe dress with a black-and-gold cutaway jacket to cover for it in late-day and little-evening situations. Dress assets here: elbow-length sleeves, a neckline that's scooped in front, dropped low in back and squared off. By Young Viewpoint; the dress is rayon and Celanese acetate, the jacket of a silk-and-cotton brocade fabric woven with metallic threads. About $80. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

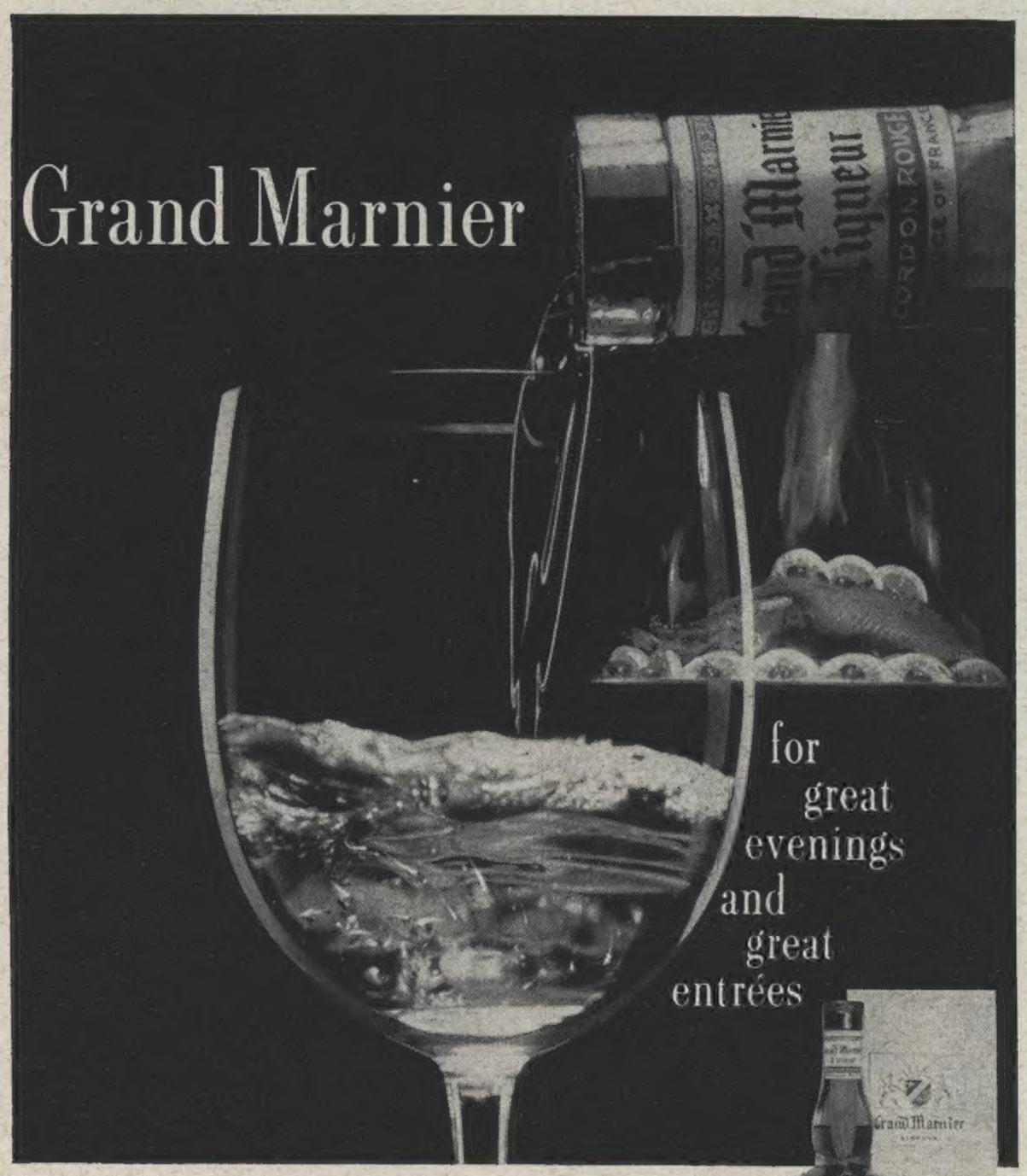
Right: In clear forest-green, another dress and jacket alliance. The dress has a boat neckline and slight sleeves. By Dorene of wool crêpe, $90; at Lane Bryant.

SKETCHES BY EVELYN MARCIL



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WAYS TO USE THE FASHION NEWS

(Continued from page 141)

4. The scaled-down bag. Scaled down to? The simpler dress, for one; unsleeved or not, it cries for a stroke of neatness in the hand. So, curiously, does a big, bravura coat; these happen to look wonderful worn with hats of some significance, too—and that's quite enough largesse for any one look.

5. Fitted-shape revival. We're speaking not only of those slow-curved and unclenchy clothes; there are *really* fitted coats and suits and dresses in fashion this season (Dior, for instance, slicked midriffs rib-close in many of his young designs). And it's possible that hanging in your closet now is a dress or a suit curved along similar lines. Too good to give away, even in the face of the no-fit sweep we've been in, it might have been waiting for just this moment. But check the following details: Is the hemline short enough? (Probably not, and raising it will have the additional advantage of eliminating any trace of taper.) Are jacket sleeves at least three inches clear of the wristbone? Finally, check the curves themselves—even in this shapely fashion-era, the waistline is apt to need some loosening.

6. Inner meanings. Pointless to rejoice in the return of the waistline unless you can match it curve for curve. The line that's wanted under anything fitted is uninterruptedly smooth from waist through midriff. A waist-cinch won't do it, but a corselet will, or—in the case of a figure that's passably willowy to begin with—simply a high-topped girdle. Note about brassières: under knitted clothes or jersey, the absolute necessity is a soft little brassière that accomplishes some mild shaping, but isn't stitched into a predetermined mould.

7. Shorter crush of glove. If you're planning to own something with long narrow sleeves, the glove-length to ask for is four-button or six—quite short, but long enough to crush down nicely.

8. Flying objects identified. One word definition of a fashion success: stole. Long and straight, fur or fabric, they fly from dresses, wind around suits, muffle up some of the best coat-looks going.

9. The fur-jacket costume. Most enlightened way to use a fur-jacket now: as the heart of a suit-look. And certain affinities leap to mind instantly—nutria with brisk Glen plaid pleats; something sleek and catty with a lash of late-day black wool; and if you do, at this point, own an ambery mink sweater, a dress of nappy brown tweed is the thought to pursue. (This new fur-thinking in action, page 140, and again on pages 174-179.)

10. What's new under suits. Several spirited answers to the burning suit-question: what-goes-on-when-the-jacket-comes-off. Chanel provided blouses that buttoned to the waistband of the skirt; there are other, dress-making blouses of the suit fabric; and little token blouses, unsleeved and cropped at the waist. Norman Norell's idea: blouses gathered on a snugged-in waistband. The sweater to own in a suit-connection (and if you noted this point in Vogue last May, you probably do): unsleeved and straight, with one of those restrained canoe-necklines that suit-jackets dote on. These come in cashmere, silk, synthetics, and enough colours to satisfy the heartiest suit-appetite.

THE MARQUISE'S HOLY MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 225)

are we going, where are we going?" the mother cried. "We were passing the Holy Mountain sign and her father said we're going where God lives...."

The child looked at me in the opened gate and screamed louder. The car drove away with the parents laughing harder than ever.

I raised my hands to my head to see if ass's ears might have grown there during the night, and I remembered something the Marquise had said during the storm: "If there had been psychiatrists when I was young, whatever would have become of me? I'd have been ruined!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An investigating man whose special affinity for places and people has been demonstrated in several books on Italy and a collection of short stories, Herbert Kubly, whose fourth Vogue piece this is, has just returned from another season on the Marquise's Holy Mountain in New Hampshire. There, this summer, he worked on his first novel, set in his midwestern homeland.*

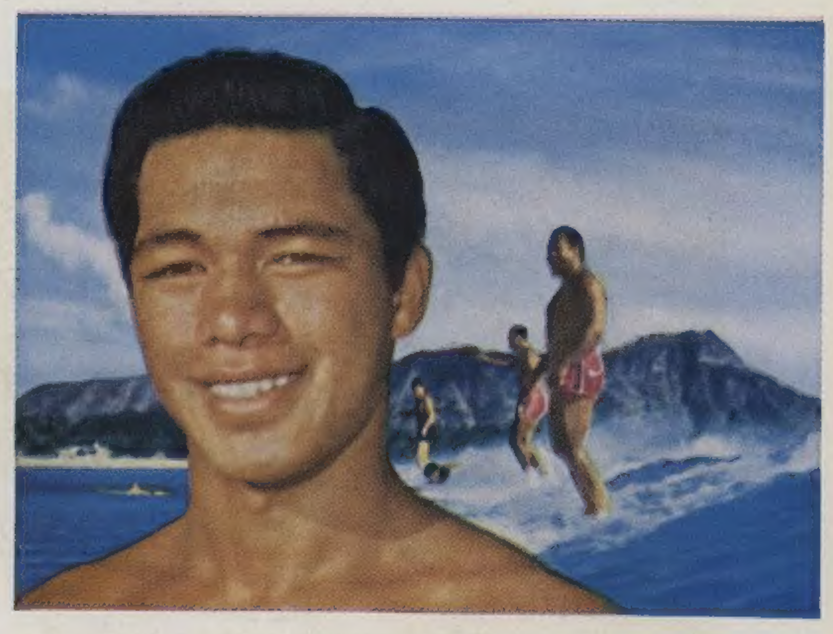
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Ever see a "tame" volcano? This is snow-capped Mauna Kea on Hawaii, the "Big Island." And when you're here, I'll show you tree fern forests, orchid farms, coffee plantations. Come soon.

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Has Statehood Changed Hawaii? Not for the visitor. It's still just 4½ smooth hours by jet from the Pacific Coast ($266 round trip) or a 4½ day vacation cruise by luxury liner ($380 round trip). Currency and language? Pure U.S.A.... Drinking water? Likewise. Passports, visas and shots? None. Costs? Hotel rooms from $5 to $30 per day. Stay long enough to see all the islands.

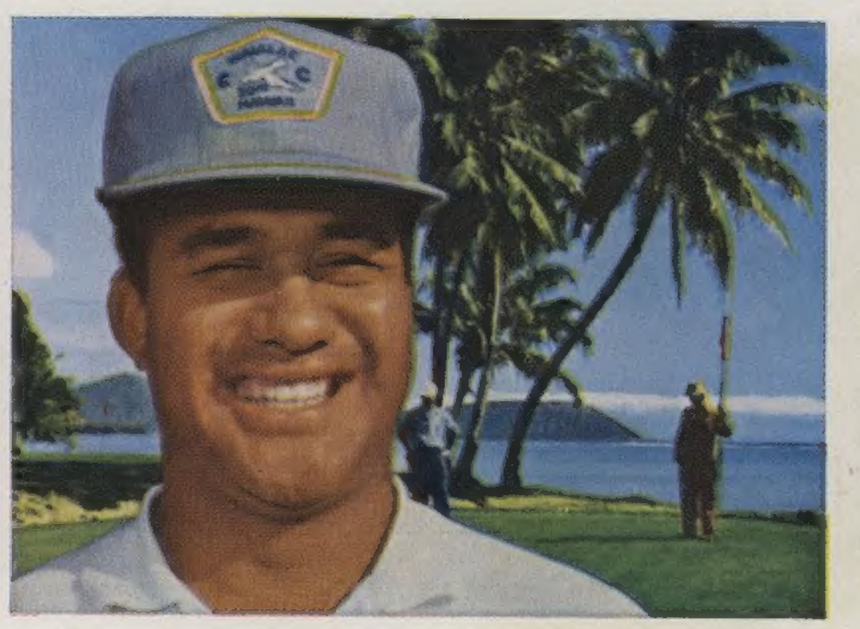
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Did you ever hit a tee shot through a rainbow? I have, right on this seaside course. But *you'll* want to play *all* the Island courses. Good golf country with lots of variety, whatever your game.



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You're looking at a bit of "modern" Hawaii. This is a part of the business side of the 50th state, where new construction topped $275 million in 1960. Investment opportunities? I found many.



The first thing most visitors do is get out of tight fitting mainland clothes into comfortable things like these. They're as colorful as the Islands themselves, where they're designed and made.

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